

A BAD BLAZE.

LOUISVILLE VISITED BY A BAD FIRE LAST NIGHT.

The Store of Alex Semple & Co. Was Damaged and Nunnemacher Printing Co. Narrowly Escaped.

Louisville, March 30.—The fine sporting house of Alex Semple & Co., on Main street, was badly damaged by fire last night. The loss will foot up \$25,000. It was caused by the explosion of gas originating from a freshly oiled floor. A number of small casks of powder reached by the fire exploded before the fire department got the blaze under control. The building, which is a four story affair, was badly damaged. The upper floor is leased by the Nunnemacher Printing Co., where two hundred men are employed. This portion of the building, however, escaped the flames. The loss is entirely covered by insurance.

MANCHURIAN TREATY.

IT WILL BE SIGNED NEXT WEEK.

St. Petersburg, March 30.—It is said in St. Petersburg that the Manchurian convention will not be signed before next week, and that the Chinese minister will be able to call at the foreign office whenever he is invited to do so. The Manchurian convention is now being diplomatically explained as a *modus vivendi*. Its chief purpose, it is claimed, is to permit the withdrawal of Russian troops from Manchuria, and it is claimed the integrity of China is to be preserved.

ST. LOUIS FAIR COMMISSION.

Washington, March 30.—President McKinley today appointed the St. Louis fair commission. The appointees are: Thomas H. Carter, of Montana; William Lindsay, of Kentucky; John M. Thurston, of Nebraska; George W. McBride, of Oregon; John M. Allen, of Mississippi; Frederick Betts, of Minnesota; Martin H. Glynn, of New York and P. D. Scott, of Arkansas. Joseph Flory, of Missouri, is appointed secretary of the commission.

ALLEGED CUDAHY KIDNAPER.

Omaha, Neb., March 30.—James Callahan waived preliminary hearing in the district court today on the revised complaint in connection with the Cudahy kidnaping case. His trial is set for April 22. Callahan's lawyers, it is said, will offer as testimony a deposition of H. C. Henderson, the Dallas man who is alleged to have confessed to a complicity in the abduction.

BOWLING PRIZES.

The prizes this week at the bowling alley went to Mr. J. L. Dempsey, for ten pins, score 210, Messrs. Leon Gleaves and Clint Wilcox, in cocked hat, each made 45.

ARRESTED FOR BREACH OF PEACE.

The patrol wagon was sent out last night by Captain Henry Bailey for Marshall Owen, colored, wanted for a breach of the peace.

Unloading millions is hard work, and Mr. Carnegie is entitled to a vacation.

GOOD THING.

MUSICIAN CALVIN P. TISTUS TO GET ONE.

Washington, March 30.—A petition signed by all officers serving with the Fourteenth infantry regiment has been sent to Adjutant Gen. Corbin requesting the appointment of Musician Calvin P. Tistus, company E, Fourteenth infantry, the first American soldier to enter Pekin, during the recent troubles in China, a cadet at large to the Military academy.

LUCKY FUNSTON.

PRESIDENT APPOINTS HIM TO REGULAR ARMY.

General Wheaton's Appointment as Major General and General Jacob H. Smith as Brigadier General Also Given Out.

Washington, March 30.—President McKinley tonight announced the appointment of Brig. General Frederick Funston, U. S. V., to Brig. General, vice Gen. Lloyd Wheaton, in the regular army. Gen. Wheaton's appointment as major general is also announced along with that of Gen. Jacob H. Smith as Brig. General.

Washington, March 30.—The president will reward General Funston by making him a brigadier in the regular army. This was practically decided upon at the cabinet meeting today, where the capture of Aguinaldo was discussed for two hours. A careful examination will be made to determine the methods of war advocated by the insurgent chief before a decision will be reached disposing of him. It is to be ascertained from the records and papers now in possession of General MacArthur whether his blood-thirsty policy at the outbreak of hostilities has been followed. He advocated a general massacre of residents of Manila then, and if he has since been guilty of savage practices he will be punished. If he has not he will be leniently dealt with.

STRUCK OIL.

WAYNE COUNTY, KY., REVEALS HIDDEN WEALTH.

Well Has a Capacity of Two Hundred Barrels a Day and Oil is of Good Quality.

Somerset, Ky., March 30.—The latest oil strike is in Wayne county. The oil was struck at a depth of 800 feet and the well has a capacity of 200 barrels a day. A pipe line will be laid from this place to Rentfress county, Tennessee. The oil is of good quality and the strike made today has caused a good deal of excitement.

CANNING FACTORY.

CONTRACT LET FOR MR. WM. CHESTERFIELD'S NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

The contract for the canning factory at Creal Springs, Ill., which is to take the place of the one here operated by Mr. Wm. Chesterfield, was let a day or two ago and work begins on it Monday. The factory will begin June 10. Mr. Wm. Chesterfield, of the city, is vice president and general manager.

COSTLY BLAZE.

KANSAS CITY HAS \$200,000 FIRE.

Kansas City, March 30.—The Jacob Dold Packing plant was destroyed by fire tonight, causing a loss of \$200,000 and the injuring of five firemen.

TO RIDE KENTUCKY HORSES.

Taylorville, Ky., March 30.—Mr. J. F. Jewell, the well known horseman of this place, has just received from the California commandery, Knights Templar, an order for one hundred black saddle horses, "Kentucky thoroughbreds," to be used by them during the conclave in Louisville, next August.

STOLEN MULE.

MR. ED TERRELL LOSES A MULE AND FINE BUGGY.

Will Hill, colored, drove in from Terrell's farm last night driving a red mare mule, white nose and black tail and feet, to a rubber tired buggy. He hitched the animal near the city scales, and left it, returning in about fifteen minutes. The rig was gone, and the theft was reported to Captain Bailey. At an early hour it had not been found.

THRO' WINDOW.

WES WOFFORD ALMOST ASSASSINATED AT RAGLAND LAST

Night—Henry Tillman Is Alleged to Have Fired Into His Window.

Captain Henry Bailey last night at police headquarters received a telephone message from Ragland, Ky., asking him to keep a lookout for Henry Tillman, a white man about 35 years of age who last evening shot into Wes Wofford's residence at Ragland.

The bullet tore a portion of the window away and lodged in Wofford's pocket, but did not injure him. An old grudge caused the shooting.

MAY BE MERGED.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 30.—The N. B. Forrest camp of confederate veterans is preparing a new constitution and bylaws, which will allow all sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans to become members of the organization. An effort will be made to have the convention at Memphis in May adopt the plan so as to make it a national law of the organization. It is thought that this, if adopted, may merge the organization of the Sons of Veterans into the United Confederate Veterans and dissolve the individuality of the Sons' camps.

Colonel Edward O. Leigh returns to Frankfort in the morning.

SALE CONFIRMED

GAS PLANT TO BE TURNED OVER TO MR. COFFEE TOMORROW.

Judge Evans Will Confirm the Sale—Mr. Coffee, Now at the Palmer House.

Mr. Thomas Coffee, of Peoria, Ill., purchaser of the Paducah Gas plant, arrived in the city yesterday afternoon to take charge of the plant tomorrow.

The sale on March 20th to Mr. Coffee, for \$66,200, will be confirmed by Judge Evans tomorrow, and the balance of the purchase price will be paid over in cash.

Mr. Coffee will make extensive improvements, and give the people better and cheaper service.

"I am very favorably impressed with Paducah," he said to a reporter at the Palmer last night, "or I should not have come here. One unusual thing for a city of its size that I notice, however, is the limited lighting of your principal street. In other cities the main thoroughfare is so brilliantly lighted as to make it almost as light as day. It brings out the people, and consequently increases business. I should think the merchants would demand more street lights."

Mr. Coffee is an affable gentleman and will without a doubt enter the front ranks of progressive citizens.

OPERATOR RESIGNS.

MR. W. B. HERBST GOES WITH J. L. HUTTER & CO.

Mr. W. B. Herbst, operator at the Postal telegraph office, has resigned, effective today, and tomorrow accepts a position with J. L. Hutter, the broker. He will be succeeded by Mr. Chas. Rogers, now in the Postal office at Louisville.

MINERS WON'T STRIKE.

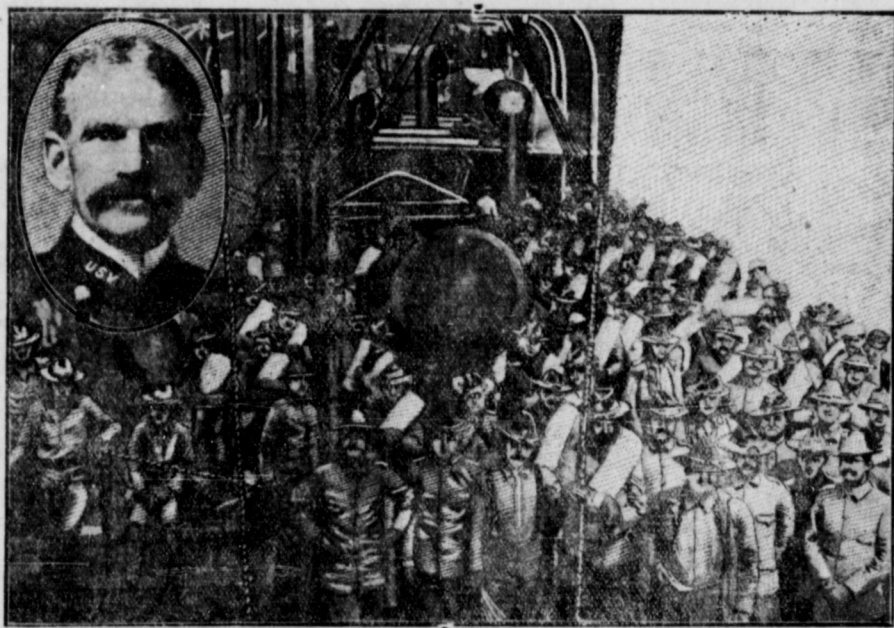
Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 30.—There will be no strike of the 143,000 miners in the anthracite district April 1. This was decided today at the miners' convention, and the announcement is received with much rejoicing by all classes.

In a statement to the miners the general committee announces that it was unable to bring the operators into joint conference. However, it succeeded in getting an audience with representatives of all the big companies, who made a number of important concessions.

This committee was given arbitrary power by the general convention of miners, held at Hazelton in the fore part of the month, to declare a strike if the circumstances warranted it. In the opinion of the committee the circumstances did not warrant a strike at this time.

NO LEGAL WAY.

At Monday night's council meeting the matter of extending the sewerage from Ninth street to the Illinois Central hospital on Broadway, will be settled. Mayor Lang gives it as his opinion that there is no legal way to make the extension, hence the probability is that it will fall through. The council and school board committees meet Monday afternoon to discuss it.



GENERAL CHAFFEE IS NOW PREPARING TO EVACUATE CHINA.

..The Little White Hearse..

BY UNCLE HENRY.

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

The little white hearse stood at the gate of a home over the way a few days ago. In the pretty home back in the yard to which the gate was a portal there was a little body cold in eternal sleep and aching hearts. The idol of that home was dead.

Soon after the arrival of the little white hearse there were services in that home, back in the yard—services of song and words of sympathy and of hope—and then tender hands lifted up that little body, cold in sleep and encased in a little white coffin, and carried it from the house and placed it within the white hearse, while those with aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes stood near. Then the little white hearse, followed by a number of carriages wherein were those who loved the little cold body and those who sympathized with them, begun to move off down the street. The destination was the pretty cemetery out just beyond the city limits, where the little coffin and the little cold body therein were soon to be laid in the earth, to mold and decay until resurrection morn. It was to be again "dust to dust."

I was a caller at that home only a few days before the sad occurrence I mention. Two friends live there—two friends whom I very much esteem. The husband is a promising young business man and the wife is a lovely and accomplished woman. I knew them before their marriage, was at their wedding, and their second-born is named for me. I frequently call there, loving to have an excuse to do so, but I paid a call today most reluctantly; and though I have been at home several hours I have spent nearly all the time at this window looking over at that erstwhile happy home, thinking and wondering of life and its end.

Frequently I have caught myself saying: That poor mother, how great is her sorrow; how great is her affliction. Her first-born, a sunny faced, laughing eyed, rosy cheeked son of five years has passed forever from her life; will no more call her mamma, nor place his arms around her neck and press his lips to hers in love; nor ask her to rock him to sleep, and be softly tucked into his little crib, for the angels have claimed him. She mentioned these things to me, and when she did so her body shook and it appeared that her heart must break ere relief comes. I attempted to console her, but I only seemed to grieve her more, and so I told her to look to the Great Comforter, but she shocked me by saying:

"I sent him to his death and my sin is too great to lay before God for forgiveness."

Then, between her sobs, she told me all; how that she might have a

chance to read and idle her time away she had sent her boy off to find the nurse, and that he had, instead of going to the nurse, wandered into the yard and over to the fountain and crawling upon the basin rim, to play in the water, had lost his balance, fallen into the water and met his death by drowning. It was nothing new to me as to how the sweet child had lost his life, but I had not dreamed it was a sin of the mother's neglect. I pressed myself to say God will hold you responsible only for your sins of commission not for this one of omission, and it is not your fault that He who gave saw proper to take away, for we are not told He looketh after the sparrows, not one falling to the ground He knoweth not of, but I could only assure her that the Great Comforter could and would heal her wounds, and left her to find that peace.

Ah! could a mother only know, how much greater would be her care. The neglected babe, the forgotten tot, the spurned lad or girl, the son or daughter left to do as they wish would have other attention and consequently better training. The burden of life might not be so lightly treated—the afternoon entertainment, the matinee, the ball, the midnight luncheon, and the theater might all be missed—but the solace of attention given in life to the lovely babe now cold in death; to that lad or that girl which you loved and promised such joy in after years but now gone; to that son or daughter stricken down when on the verge of manhood or womanhood, just when your heart was overflowing with love for him or her and your pride in the loved one was so great would be saved, and what a comfort it would be to think you did your best and your only heartache is that God would not let you keep His gifts longer—if not forever. How different must be the thoughts, how greater the heartaches, what a failure a life when death calls one's sins of omission to mind; when one sees a neglected babe cold in death from lack of proper attention; or a lovely child the victim of an accident or a disease not warded off; or that a son or daughter has erred—one proven a criminal or the other become a social outcast. On the great register above it is a doubtful question who will have to answer for the sins of this life, I often think.

There will come a hearse to every door, sooner or later. It may be a white one or it may be a black one. If one would not grieve for sins of omission as well as for loved ones gone he or she should so live that the heartaches will not be for neglect, harshness, cruelty, bad examples, evil advice; but letting love and firmness rule every act, prompt every

word, find happiness and good in remembering

"We live in deeds, not fears; in thoughts, not breaths;
"In feelings * * * He most lives
"Who thinks most, feels the noblest,
acts the best."

CHURCH NOTES.

A meeting of interest to the Methodist churches of this city has just closed in Union City, Tenn. It was the annual meeting of the Home Mission society of the Memphis Conference, which was held in Paducah last March. It was a very interesting session and much business of importance was transacted. Mrs. S. W. Bennett, president of the Home Mission society of the Broadway Methodist church, was a delegate from here and has returned home. She reports a pleasant occasion. The officers elected for the coming year are very much the same as were made here last March. Mrs. Welborn Mooney, of Kenton, president; Mrs. J. H. Evans, of Hickman, first vice president; Mrs. Perkins, Union City, second vice president; Mrs. Ross Witherspoon, of Jackson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. J. W. N. Burkett, of Jackson, recording secretary; Mrs. J. S. Swayne, of Jackson, treasurer; Mrs. Blalock, of Mayfield, superintendent of supplies.

Instead of the usual prayer service at the Broadway Methodist church on next Wednesday evening there will be a social meeting to which all the members of the church are hereby invited. No invitations are issued except this general one. The ladies of the church have it in charge and the occasion will be a pleasant one. Light refreshments will be served.

There will be an interesting Epworth League service Monday evening at the Broadway Methodist church. Dr. G. W. Briggs will conduct it. All are invited.

The official board of the Broadway Methodist church are requested to meet with the Ramsey society at the church on Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and they will hear something to their advantage.

The Junior Warden Missionary society of the Broadway Methodist church at their meeting yesterday afternoon elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Miss Kate White, president; Miss Adine Morton, vice president; Mrs. J. D. Herndon, recording secretary; Mrs. Wm. Eads, corresponding secretary; Mrs. C. H. Chamblin, treasurer, and Miss Hannah Bonds, assistant treasurer. Mrs. Emma Lane, agent for the Missionary Advocate.

The Ramsey society will hold an important meeting at the church Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock at which time the stewards are invited to be present. All members are urged to attend.

Gospel services at the Union Rescue mission, 413 South Third street, every night at 7:30. We had three conversions last week and doing all the good we can with the present means at hand. We kindly ask all who will to help us in this work for Christ and the uplifting of the sin oppressed. Prof. H. W. Davis, of the Baptist church from Providence, Ky., will address us Sunday night. Sub-

Harbour's



A Grand MILLINERY DISPLAY OF EASTER HATS Now on Exhibition!

Hundreds of well pleased ladies remarked (Thursday and Friday, opening days!)

"These are the most beautiful hats in the city."

Such has been the verdict of those who appreciate elegance, style and quality combined.

It's a great showing of new fads and fancies.

Over there is a clever CONCEPT.

This one is ARTISTIC ELEGANCE.

That one is a WINNING NOVELTY.

Here are two special HIGH CLASS SPECIALS.

See how this one is distinguished by its superiority of design and its finishing touches.

Look at that table of attractive and popular priced beauties, and who can doubt that they will be quick-selling and very taking ideas.

You'll find us prolific in designing and making other hats for Easter that will be artistic surprises.

Don't delay the coming. Make your Easter choice early. Our work tables are sure to be overrun with orders, but we will manage to not disappoint you if you don't put off the buying too late.

Most ladies know that this store is not only the origin school and birthplace of the most artistic and refined millinery in Paducah, but makes prices so low that no one need go without a beautiful hat.

READY-TO-WEAR.

What about a Coat Suit, Separate Skirt or Silk waist for Easter?

We will make some special Easter prices this week. It is an opportunity to save two to five dollars on coat suits.

Easter kid Gloves, 69c to 98c a pair.

EASTER DRESS GOODS.

Our great sale of attractive Spring Dress Goods and pretty trimmings at popular prices is growing in favor. We will be pleased to gown you for spring or summer in the latest at very moderate prices.

If you'd like the most satisfactory paper patterns made in the right up-to-date styles, call on us for McCall's 10 and 15 cent patterns. There are none better. Why pay higher prices without getting style or quality in return for your money?

HARBOUR'S, 112 North Third Street.

ject, "National Prohibition." Every body cordially invited to attend. Sunday school at 3 p. m. R. W. Chiles, pastor.

Divine services at the Evangelical Lutheran church, South Fourth street, tomorrow, as follows: German preaching in the morning at 10:15 o'clock. English preaching in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 a. m. G. Unrath, Supt. All are cordially invited to attend these services. J. H. Hartenberger, Pastor.

At the First Christian church, southeast corner of Seventh and Jefferson streets, the congregation will worship at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subject of the morning sermon, "The Earth Life a Fragment of Life Eternal." Evening subject, "The Mission of the Church." Sunday

school at 9:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

At the First Baptist church the pastor, G. W. Perryman, will preach Sunday at 11 a. m. on "Battlements for Homes," at 7:30 p. m. "The Election." Young Peoples' meeting at 6:30 p. m. Sunbeams at 3 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Young men's class, which now numbers over 50, meets in auditorium. Prof. Gilbert presides at the organ. Strangers welcome.

Mr. P. E. Stutz now has his candy factory all complete, save a few minor details, and has run some the past week. He was showing some of his stick product to the wholesale people today and everywhere it was shown he was complimented on it. His orders have been very satisfactory and the prospects are fine for a good business in that line. Mr. Stutz thoroughly understands the business.

The Paducah Furniture Manufacturing Company.

Employ 120 Men, all in Paducah.

ESTABLISHED 1870. Handle More Furniture Than any Firm in Kentucky.

OUR FACTORY AND PLANT ARE BOTH HERE.

Buy from the Makers, encourage a Home institution, and save yourself the "middleman's profit." We have everything new in Furniture and we will be pleased to sell you Spring Goods we are opening up daily.

SPECIAL NOTICE OF APRIL SALE

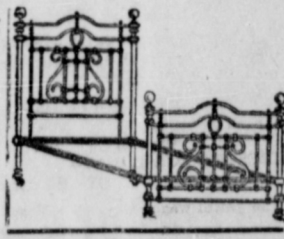
We have decided for the month of April to make a sweeping reduction of

5 PER CENT.

On all sales Everything goes at regular prices less 5 Per Cent. for cash this month.



\$7.00



\$9.50

MOVING RAPIDLY

Our line of Easter Suits are moving right along. We never before had anything like so good a trade at this time of the year. Perhaps the reason for it is that we never before had anything like such an attractive line of goods. Every garment in our spring line is cut right in the height of fashion and perfectly tailored. Is finished inside and out with all the best characteristics of the best kind of made-to-measure goods. When you see the clothes you will guess the prices to be from 20 to 40 per cent. more than they really are.

We have a large assortment of Easter Suits in durable materials, Grey and Brown cloths and handsome Striped Cassimeres and Worsteds in light and Black shades at **\$7.50**

An equally likely choosing among Unfinished Worsteds, Shepherd Plaids, Blue, Grey, Dust Brown, checks and Fancy Mixtures at **10.00**

We are showing a handsome line of genuine imported Cheviots together with handsome Silk mixed Fancy Worsteds suits, made by the most skilful tailors, all buttonholes made by hand and shoulders hand padded. These suits are positively equal in finish, fit and make to the best \$30 custom made suits, and yet we offer them to you at **15.00**

Young men's suits, ages 14 to 20, stylishly cut, many of them with the new high military shoulders and close fitting back, made with single breasted vests, the greatest range of patterns we have ever shown, in blacks and blues; nobby mixtures and fancy Worsteds. Prices from **\$5.00 TO 12.00**

Novelty Suits for those little chaps from 3 to 8 years old, coat with narrow collar and silk faced lapels, cute little double-breasted vests of bright colored silks—you have never seen their equals taking price in consideration. Prices from **\$1.50 TO 5.00**

Boys' knee suits with double-breasted coat, ages 7 to 16 years the nicest, dressiest line of suits that has been displayed in this city, pure wool fabrics in the latest Spring colorings rough and smooth surface stuffs; tailored with wide shoulders and hand-padded collars. Prices from **\$2.00 TO 5.00**



GRAND LEADER

D. DESBERGER, Proprietor,

323 BROADWAY, PADUCAH



Personals.

Mrs. N. E. Roberts arrived yesterday from spending the winter in Grenicus, La.

Little Miss Bertha Kelton has gone to visit in Reevesville, Ill.

Messdames J. P. Smith and B. B. Linn, of Paducah, and Mrs. H. D. Davis, of Dana, Ind., are visiting friends in this city, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Captain J. S. Beatty has returned from Ashland City, Tenn.

Captain Sam Johnston, of the transfer boat Osborn, is much improved.

Miss Mabel Rossiter is ill at Mrs. R. C. Callissi's, in Little's addition.

Mr. R. G. Wallace, of Mt. Carmel, is at the Palmer.

Dr. J. C. Young, of Lowes, Ky., was in the city last evening.

Mr. G. R. Ray, of New York, is at the Palmer.

Mr. Phil J. Gunther, of Cincinnati, is at the Palmer.

Mrs. Ellen Whitlow, wife of Captain Whitlow, of Hotel Latham, was in the city last evening en route from Metropolis to her home in Hopkinsville.

Misses Blanch Roark and Eola Lackey, of Sharpe, Marshall county, are visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hughes will return tomorrow from their visit to Mexico.

Mrs. Chas. Morris left on the Tennessee last night for a visit to Danville, Tenn.

Mr. Frank S. Wilson, of Tryon, N. C., is at the Palmer.

Mr. Reese Gardner is reported better today.

Miss Margie Crumbaugh returned today from a visit to Dyersburg.

Mr. J. T. McElrath has gone to Murray to spend Sunday.

Little Miss Emma Boyd, daughter of Dr. Frank Boyd, has returned from

a visit to McLeansboro, Ill. Her aunt, Mrs. Ella Fulk, accompanied her and is visiting Dr. Boyd.

Mr. Will Thurman, who had been in Nashville for the past year, returned today.

Mr. Henry Rehkopf left last night for Louisville and goes from there to Memphis.

Mr. Morris Gilbert, of Chicago, is at the New Richmond.

Messrs. C. H. and R. Starks, of Benton, are at the New Richmond.

Mr. Fred McGhee, of Golconda, is at the New Richmond.

Mr. C. B. Davis, of Smithland, is in the city.

WITH HANDS DOWN.

HOW OFFICER L. L. JONES MADE HIS RACE FOR JAILER.

Officer L. L. Jones, who won the Democratic nomination for jailer by a handsome plurality, is pardonably proud of his campaign. He has always believed that if a man is the party's choice, he can win without spending money. His canvass proves it.

Officer Jones made a thorough canvass of the county, met every man, woman and child and made friends with every dog and cat, and it cost him from start to finish only \$98.70, most of which was for cards and announcements.

"THE GOSPEL OF THE BODY."

Dr. Briggs will speak to men on the above named subject in the Y. M. C. A. today at 4 p. m.

This is looking forward to the meeting to be held on April 7th by Dr. L. B. Sperry. Special music has been prepared. All men are invited to hear Dr. Briggs.

Rev. Russell will speak to the boys at 2:30 o'clock. An interesting meeting is in store for the boys. Let all be present.

SATURDAY CELEBRATIONS.

John Beunett, white, was arrested last night by Officers Hessian and Beudles for a plain drunk.

Tom Clark, for a similar offense, was arrested by the same officers.

City Items.

—Send your soiled clothes to Friedman's Steam Cleaning works, office 331 Broadway. d-s2

—Mr. and Mrs. Finis Fields lost an infant on, aged one day.

—Mr. J. J. Saunders, a former Paducahan, and son-in-law of Mr. M. B. Nash, is mentioned as the next president of the Louisville Commercial club. The election takes place Friday.

—Now is the time to have your last spring clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired. Send them to Friedman's Steam Cleaning works, 331 Broadway. d-s2

—A corps of Illinois Central Central engineers under Mr. L. A. Washington, acting roadmaster of Paducah, is running a track into the new union station at Henderson.

—Mr. Van O. Burnett has returned to the city and accepted his old position with Mr. W. K. Poage the clothier. Van is one of the most popular clerks the city has ever had and his host of friends will be pleased to note his return.

—The old reliable, Friedman's Steam Cleaning works. Office with Friedman, the tailor, 331 Broadway. d-s2

—Mr. Henry Culp, of Oakes, is dangerously ill from inflammation of the brain.

—Mr. Fred Allen, of the county, is ill.

—Mr. W. H. Davis, of Hampton, Ky., who underwent a painful operation at the New Richmond Friday, is improving.

—Dr. Schultz, a dentist from Southern Illinois, is here to locate. He will probably have an office in the Brook Hill building.

—The census enumerators elected by the council last Monday will go to work Monday next.

—Officer L. L. Jones, who has been

off the police force for several weeks during his campaign for jailer, will resume work Monday. Officer J. R. Peal has been working in his place.

DR. SPERRY'S WORK.

This speaker has been honored by speaking to as large audiences as any man in America. He will no doubt be greeted by a very large audience on his first Sunday here. Every man in Paducah should hear him. The pastors all endorse his work; it is strictly scientific and the physicians of the city are invited to hear him. The subject of his address to men is "Male and Female, or the Significance of Sex."

THE NEW STAMP.

The series of postage stamps to commemorate the pan-American exposition, to be held at Buffalo the coming summer, will be put on sale the latter part of April. The stamps are shaped like the World's Fair and Omaha exposition stamps, and in color and design are: One cent, green, lake steamer; two cent, red, fast express train; four cent, red brown, automobile; five cents, blue, bridge at Niagara Falls; eight cent, lilac, ship canal locks at Sault Ste Marie; ten cent, light brown, ocean steamship of the American line.

OFFICIAL DECORATOR.

CONTRACT LET TO MR. W. HINTZE, OF THE PAN-AMERICAN CO. BY THE ELKS.

Mr. W. Hintze, of the Pan-American Decorating company, Cincinnati, was last night awarded the contract by the executive committee as official decorator for the Elks carnival.

He will have exclusive privileges for canes, badges, Elks colors, etc., and will do all decorating at the grounds and of buildings all over the city.

THE GOOD ROAD TRAIN.

The good roads train making a tour of the Illinois Central system is expected here in a few days. Commercial clubs in other places are arranging to give it a fitting reception, and Paducah will doubtless do likewise.

NOTES IN A BOTTLE.

SMITHLAND GIRLS ADOPT AN UNUSUAL WAY OF GETTING A SWEETHEART.

Mr. Doc Fritts, of Unionville, Ill., found a bottle in the river on the opposite shore a few days ago. In it were letters, dated in January, from two girls of Smithland, Ky.

One said she was sweet sixteen and good looking, and the other said she was fourteen and equally as pretty. They attend the high school at Smithland and being dissatisfied with the eligible young men now at their disposal, want some one else. If the finder did not desire to correspond he was requested to give it to some one who would. Mr. Fritts promised to bring the letter to the Sun next week.

HANDSOME MEMENTO.

MR. W. J. HILLS REMEMBERED BY 100 OF THE N. C. AND ST. L. EMPLOYEES.

Supt. W. J. Hills, of the N. C. and St. L. railroad, completed his degeers Friday evening and became a Knight Templar. At the conclusion of the ceremonies he was presented with a handsome watch charm by over one hundred employees of his road. The presentation was entirely unexpected on part of the superintendent, who needless to say greatly appreciated it.

THE PHILIPPINES.

A TALENTED WOMAN TO LECTURE HERE AT THE K. OF P. HALL.

Mrs. Franklin Woods, a talented woman, and member of the Red Cross society, will lecture next Wednesday evening at the K. of P. hall on the conditions and customs in the Philippines.

NEW HOTEL CLERK.

Mr. Dick Ashbrook, who has been clerk at the Eastman hotel at Hot Springs, Ark., will arrive tomorrow to accept the night clerkship at the Palmer, to succeed Mr. Sam Nelson, resigned.



BY THE SUN PUBLISHING COMPANY.
(INCORPORATED.)

E. J. PAXTON, Manager and Editor.
MISS SUSAN W. MORTON, Associate Editor.
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SUNDAY, MARCH, 31, 1901.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

No matter how long a person may have been on the stage, a "first night" is always a nerve-trying event, the cause of much anxiety and worry, and of much speculation as to the success of the play and its "staying qualities." In putting out *The Sunday Chat* the publishers feel much the same as the star in a new production.

The success of *The Sun*, which has been extremely gratifying to its management and to its friends, has been the result of much hard work and most careful thought. The *Sunday* issue will demand greater study and labor, better work and thought—at least, if it fulfills the ideal of a *Sunday* paper such as the publishers of *The Sunday Chat* wish to issue.

The *Sunday* paper has long since been recognized as filling a peculiar and distinct mission in journalism. It comes into the family during the quiet of the Sabbath, in the hours of relaxation and rest. Where the other issues of the week are only "scanned," the *Sunday* paper is read, and that, too, by all the members of the family. The reading public thus demands more of the *Sunday* paper, a more diversified and a more careful selection of matter, a better "make-up" and a more artistic appearance in every way. It follows, therefore, in view of the greater latitude given the editor in the selection of reading matter, and the more critical demand of the reading public, that the opportunities of the *Sunday* paper for good or evil are correspondingly increased. But its influence for all that works for progress and improvement, for the good of a locality, is in reality measured by its own character, by the earnestness of purpose and sincerity of its labors; by its freedom from prejudice and partisanship; by its honesty and readiness at all times to espouse the cause of lofty ideals, whether in social, municipal or political affairs.

Whether *The Sunday Chat* will come up to this conception is a question to be solved in the near future. It shall be the earnest endeavor of its publishers to make it such.

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

"Be a force—not a figure. Above all else, don't be a cipher."

"Will weakness opens the door to infinite crime."

Don't be a tintype of someone else.—Emerson.

Tomorrow is All Fools Day.

THE INDISPENSABLE COMMON-PLACE.

Are present conditions conducive to a peaceful state of mind for the least ambitious mortal? This is truthfully called "The Age of Extravagancies," and every member of society thinks, sometimes, his is a most poor lot because he belongs to the common, ordinary herd of mankind. On all sides he hears nothing but the "greatest this," or "the greatest that"—the man of enormous riches, or wonderful talents; a great orator, singer, editor or novelist, and he is inclined to rail against his fate. Let such a man be of good cheer. This is mostly a world of commonplace people and things. Read what Charles Carroll Albertson has to say on this topic in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

"The human mind is easily fascinated by the extraordinary. Whatever is superlative in its way becomes at once the absorbing topic of conversation. The richest man in the world, the fastest horse to the world, the biggest fool in the world—the press makes these the subjects of its comments, to the exclusion of the things which are not phenomenal.

"But wise minds will not forget that the world wags on, that commerce, industry, art and life maintain the balance of things, by the undisturbed progress of the commonplace.

"Ordinary people, ordinary duties, ordinary opportunities, make up the indispensable qualities of life. One rain-drop falling on moor or meadow or mountain; one flake of snow melting into the immeasurable sea, is, and forever must be, the symbol of most men's acts and character."

"The workingman who becomes dissatisfied with the monotony of his daily task with its daily wage; the housewife who frets herself into ill-temper because of the 'ceaseless round of little cares'; the schoolboy who chafes under the unexciting details of a humdrum existence; all these have need to be reminded that life in its largest relations—the state, the race, the wide, wide world—is dependent upon life in its most limited environment; upon the common worker, the common weaver, the common weal.

"The hewer of wood and drawer of water is as necessary to the plan by which society exists as are the judge, the senator, the magistrate. A watch marks time quite as much by the assistance of the smallest part of its mechanism as by the mainspring or the balance-wheel. The state—that is to say, organized society—is such a machine. It has its dial and hands. These are visible and prominent. But behind these, out of sight, and out of thought, save to those who have looked into the elaborate construction of it all, are the common parts, upon whose regular motion the whole depends."

The census of Great Britain and her colonies will be taken to-day. It seems strange that the government should give only one day for the task, but the officials claim that it is the most reliable method to pursue. So to-day John Bull's "quizzers" will be everywhere, in far off India, in Canada, in New Zealand, in Ireland, in Australia—everywhere where Edward is acknowledged sovereign. It is thought the totals of the lists, which are not expected to be complete for three years, will run over 300,000,000 souls. Think of it!

The feast of the resurrection of the Prince of Peace may most probably find the United States government at peace with the world.

Be persistent in all things.

The following services will be held at the German Evangelical church: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. German preaching at 10:30 a. m. English at night at 7:30. Everybody is heartily invited to attend these services. B. F. Wulfsman.

Lengentide

The word "Lent" has a beautiful thought in its derivation. It comes from "Lengentide," a Saxon term for spring, meaning "the lengthening of the days." May it not be a help to the lengthening of one's days to pause for awhile and rest a bit?

Short are the glad days of feasting:
Longer the fast that remains:
God's merciful sunlight lengthens,
That the soul may balance her gains.
Out of the fret of life's fever—
Ah, soul of mine, answer me—
What hast thou gained as thy gner-

don,
To wear through eternity?
Down in the struggle hast wrestled?
Soul-strength to gain in the fight:
E'en in the mire, hast chastecees—
Clothed thee in garments of white?
Lord, in our soul's darkened temple,
Come Thou with us and abide:
Cast out all carnal contentment—
Lead us through Lengentide!
Lend us Thy passionate pleading:
Man's lost godhood to reclaim:
Till in Love's holy cathedral,
All mortals worship Thy name.
Short then will seem all earth's win-

ter,
When through eternity's spring—
Praises no more penitential
Shall make heaven's high arches ring.
—Selected.

Some one has asked if Lent was as generally observed in Paducah's antebellum days as it now is. Inquiry has proven that it was not; in fact, every year is seeing it more and more observed. The reason for this is plainly to be seen in the life that we live now-a-days. We are keyed to a higher pitch than ever our grandmothers were; our age is one of rush that keeps every nerve on tension. We take our pleasures and our work alike, with hardly a pause between-whiles for the breath with which to go on. Now life in our grandmother's time was trod as to the measure of a stately minuet, there was no undue haste, no rush about anything. That Paducah had many large and elegant entertainments in its early social history is well known, but they were creations of infinite time, more leisure attended the giving them, and there was more space between them. One could linger for the deeply ceremonious bow to hostess and friends and not with a hunted smile and hurried farewell have to rush on to something else.

Then they were not club women, either, these grandmothers of ours; nor did they spend the daylight hours in the glare of artificial lights, in darkened houses, attending some swell function. But that is our way of living now, and each year, perhaps, it is becoming more marked, and we must do it as best we can, so you see the observance of Lent as a season of rest, a time for growth, for meditation, is more necessary to this age than it ever was in the past, when nervous prostration was an unknown element in the lives of the hardy men and women who spent not so recklessly their God-given time and strength as we prodigals are prone to do. There were not, then, so many physical break-downs as mark today when we are all trying to carry double, doing it bravely, too, but "losing out" all the sooner, perhaps, because of it. For the society woman of today is not content with merely brightening the world, she needs must seek to lift it, also. To many wearied swimmers in the social maelstrom there would come no rest at all, were it not for the growing custom of observing Lent, which has its beneficial phases, you see, aside from its religious aspect. Considered in this light, Lent may well be styled "Society's breathing time," the pause whereby it collects itself, and "takes stock," as it were, and reaches out in other directions, picking up the "dropped stitches," and making lighter this burden of much serving.

"The Making of a City."

By REV. G. W. BRIGGS, D. D.

"The Making of a City." The phrase is a convenient one. In reality, however, a city is not made—it grows. It is not a mechanism, but a organism. Though made up of thousands of separate individualities, it is, or ought to be, a unit, with identity of purpose and spirit, and a common ideal and enthusiasm. Hence a city has a character. It is "up-to-date" or "behind the times;" it is commercial or literary, radical or conservative, patriotic or sordid, righteous or wicked. There are cities whose very atmosphere seems to create energy and enterprise. There are cities where it seems the most natural thing in the world to be not only intellectually alert, but morally circumspect. There are other cities in which a man must fight if he would save the best things of mind and morals from being trodden underfoot. What sort of cities are growing in America? What sort of a city will we make of Paducah? It will be time for the world to come to an end when it produces a race of men indifferent to such questions.

In the development of an organism it is the germ that determines the finished product; and in the making of a city the germ is the civic ideal. What is the true civic ideal? In an address in Westbourne park, London, the other day, one of the greatest of modern Englishmen said: "The key-note of a people is fixed by the ideal of its cities; and the true civic ideal is the co-operation of all the citizens in the production of clean, honorable, energetic, capable and patriotic men and women." That is to say, the increase of wealth, business and population should be subordinate and secondary to the great purpose of making worthy men and women. And he was right.

Does wealth make a city? Here is the way John Burns, the labor leader, describes one of the richest cities in the world: "Cunning and greed have heaped up money in the hands of a small minority who have done little or nothing toward its production. For more than sixty years the people have been slowly buying off the claims of the Manorial lords. They must ransom their freedom by an enormous sum, gathered painfully in poverty and serfdom."

Does business make a city? C. G. Ames, the successor of James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, thus describes one of the greatest markets in America: "This miserable drive makes life hard for everybody. The whole thing rests on selfishness. It compels business men to crowd and snatch or fail. It puts honesty and justice at a disadvantage and offers premiums to cunning and fraud."

Does population make a city? A stagnant pool is populous; so is a rotting carcass. Here is George R. Sims' description of the most populous city of the world: "Instead of going to dine with the Lord-mayor last night I went down to the East End, among that mighty mob of famished, diseased and miserable Helots. Every woman or girl I saw bore on her features traces of ill-treatment. Six out of every ten men were either drunk or under the influence of drink. I came out of those slums feeling that it was impossible to expect

men to be kind and sympathetic and thoughtful of one another while compelled to herd together like pigs, and to fight at the dock gates for work—to live, the life of brutes instead of lives of dignified manhood."

What makes a city? The wealth, the culture and the morals of its people. And what are the agencies through which these things are produced? Enlightened business enterprise, the school, and the church. Public virtue is not produced by statutes. It comes of personal and collective aspiration and practice. It comes by inspiration of God, which, unless obstructed, is common as the sunlight, free as the air, natural as life. Churches, schools and enlightened business flow from it, and they in turn propagate and nourish it, as well as register and promote its progress. For this reason we must not only create and improve these agencies, but make the most of them, and watch over them with the eternal vigilance which is the price men must always pay for the best and highest things. The man of wealth should remember, and public sentiment should remind him when he forgets, that he is a trustee of what he has and must administer his property on principles consistent with the common welfare. The school should be lifted at any cost to the highest possible standard, and anything which stands in the way of its excellence and efficiency—any man or any policy—should be promptly repudiated by the indignant people.

And the church—what of it? Of this agency, which might be of more value to us than all the rest, our people are not making what they should. Why is it that our churches are not crowded every Sunday? Every man in the community, Christian or not, should attend some church at least once on Sunday. If he can find no higher reason, he should go as a matter of public policy. He should regard church-going as among the duties of his citizenship. There is no room, nor perhaps is this the place, to refer to the higher motives. One question, however, might be pardoned: Who among us owes nothing to the church? Not the poor. If the Founder of the Church had established an order of nobility it would have been the order of the poor. Certainly not the rich. The church has been the best friend the rich man ever had, for it has courageously warned him of his daily peril and taught him how to escape it. And above all, not the working man. Who shall estimate what the tolling millions owe to the man who stood by the work bench of Nazareth and earned his daily bread? The book which the church keeps canonizes labor. The saint of the Gospels is a saint in overalls. The longer I live the more do I passionately believe that there is no future for the human race apart from Jesus of Nazareth. He is the ideal citizen, as well as the ideal man. And not until to our material improvement we add His moral elevation, his loyalty to truth, his lofty disinterestedness of thought and deed, shall we usher in the day when

In city streets the strife of greed shall cease,
Love shall tread out the hate-fires of anger
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

PASSING COMMENTS.

[Continued from preceding page.]

best attractions possible to a city of this size."

A list of the attractions that can be named at present is: James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennie;" "The Sorrows of Satan;" "Way Down East;" Al Fields; Murray and Mack, in "Shooting the Chutes;" Archie Boyd, in a new play, Neil Burgers in "County Fair;" "The Evil Eve;" "At the Old Cross Roads;" "The Watch on the Rhine," and others.

Mr. Melvin Wallerstein told an incident the past week that evidences the fact that the theater already had

a reputation. He says he was in The Planters Hotel at St. Louis the other day and James K. Hackett and some friends were there. They were talking about theaters when Mr. Hackett remarked: "They tell me the town of Paducah, Ky., will have the finest theater in the entire south next season. I hear it on all sides." A gentleman introduced Mr. Wallerstein to the famous actor and they chatted about the theater, and Mr. Hackett said he was most assuredly coming to Paducah to play in that new theater when it was completed.

Nobody can blame the czar of Russia for objecting to a Remember-the-Maine finish.

SUNDAY



CHAT

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1901.

THE LEARNED ASTRONOMER.

I knew a learned astronomer,
Who all things earthly spurned,
And wandered through this pleasant land
With countenance upturned.
From early youth his habits were
To hold aloof from men;
He thought this old world's happenings
But little worth his ken.

He saw no wonders in the trees
Or in the waving grass—
He never thought it worth his while
To woo a pretty lass.
And not a whit this good man cared
For potentate or pope;
To him the greatest man was he
Who made the telescope.

But sun and moon arose and set
Precisely when he said;
He knew whence each comet came
And where each comet fled;
And for his plan to wipe the spots
From off the glorious sun,
Among the brethren of his ilk
He much renown had won.

This good soul died and went on high,
But much to his concern
He found the knowledge gleaned while
Here
Left nothing more to learn.
With telescope, from over a cloud,
He now peers down to earth,
And finds out strange and wondrous things
About his place of birth.
—The Baltimore Sun.

Mrs. Comstock's Campaign.

BY D. A. CHAUNCEY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
When Chester Comstock announced himself as a candidate for congress everybody said his wife was back of it. Comstock had never been suspected of political ambitions—or any other sort except to live up to his ideals of a cultured gentleman. He was born of a wealthy family, educated in the universities of two continents, and possessed tastes which permitted him to enjoy to the utmost the good things of the world. He had a positive aversion for business in any form and no desire whatever to increase the estate which he had inherited. He lived a life of luxury, was widely known and universally liked.

If he lacked in ambition his wife did not. After their marriage and the joining of their fortunes she had assumed a position of social leadership. As the years slipped by she became restless. Then came a winter at Washington and she had returned home filled with a longing to return there as the wife of a congressman or other official that would give her established standing. All the arts of a dominant nature had been brought into play to instill into her husband's mind the fire of political ambition. Finally out of sheer good nature he told her he would acquiesce to her desires if it could be managed so that he would not be annoyed with the details of politics.

"If it will add materially to your happiness for me to be a congressman or a Senator or President or what not,"

wish me to go into this sort of thing the figuring must come from your head."

She secured an alliance at once with Maurice Fox, the man reputed to be the sharpest politician in the county. Mrs. Comstock was perfectly frank with Fox, told him her ambition and that money was no object and that she wanted to secure his assistance. She was somewhat surprised to learn that Fox would not accept cash.

"All the money I would touch in a campaign would be the actual expenses. I am very much inclined to help you, however, for reasons of my own. I can see how your husband might be a very strong candidate. Together with other men I have been somewhat successful in politics in Bryon county and have had and have considerable influence in determining candidates and policies. What I want is more power—not money. I think I see evidences on the part of some of my former colleagues to curtail my influence. In which event I must protect myself. If your husband will give me control of his candidacy and the assurance that I shall handle the patronage of the district in case of his election, I will put him in congress. Of course, it will cost a great deal of money—more because all the boys know he has got it.

"I think it can be arranged," said Mrs. Comstock. "Mr. Comstock has no political ambition and I am certain that he would consider the placing of the offices as a source of annoyance and embarrassment." So it was arranged.

The other politicians at once detected Fox's game and made a fight to keep the county from electing a Comstock delegation. This complicated matters and Fox and Mrs. Comstock



"Madam, you must be mad."

were in constant conference. Comstock was not much perturbed at first, as his wife and Fox decided all questions. But as the fight waxed warmer Comstock's exclusiveness began to tell against him and it became necessary to take the minor politicians to him, particularly as these men were being promised divers and sundry fat from the crib. As Jack Murphy expressed it:

"I'm from Missouri. Show me. I want to see the old man himself and hear him make his spiel."

So Comstock's library was invaded by a noisy and ill-smelling crew which put feet on the tables and poisoned the atmosphere with black cigar smoke. Comstock grew rebellious. Then Mrs. Comstock gave two or three dinners that drew from him the only protest he had ever made to her since their marriage. The dinners were attended by a motley crowd whose presence and whose conversation was an offense.

"This will not do," he said, sternly. "We must not lose our self-respect to accomplish a result, however greatly we desire it. I never will sit down to dinner with that sort of a crowd again.

At last the caucusses were held and

the result was not decisive. One ward sent an instructed delegation to the county convention, as did several of the country towns. It became a fight to get these uninstructed delegates. Meantime Fox had fixed up a deal with the controlling forces in two other counties to nominate Comstock if he went to the convention with his own county and able to deliver its votes.

A delegation of manufacturers called on Comstock and pointing out that they could deliver five of the uninstructed delegates, asked for a pledge that he would stand for a certain tariff schedule on wood. Again it required all Fox and Mrs. Comstock could do to get his consent to such an "arrangement."

"Must I go to congress as an automaton," he protested; "with my vote pledged on all subjects?"

Fox explained that the tariff schedule always was fixed in a party caucus and he could go on record in the caucus in some way that would not do violence to his convictions.

Then came the denouement. Fox announced two days before the convention that victory was won. "We have one vote more than the opposition and they can't touch our phalanx. It has cost a pile of money but it is our meat."

The next morning Comstock received a call from John Weldon, an old man who had been in his service for many years and in the service of his father before him. Some time before he had been retired on a pension.

"Mr. Comstock," said Weldon, with tears in his eyes. "Forgive me, sir, for disturbing you, but I can't let it happen without making one appeal to you. I make bold to do so, sir, because you have always been kind to me as your father was before you."

In astonishment Comstock asked the old man what it was all about and in broken accents Weldon told him that one day before Mrs. Comstock had come to his house and told him that Comstock was about to be defeated for the nomination. There was but one way to save the day. Tim Maloney, the saloonkeeper, was in love with pretty Mary Weldon, his granddaughter. He was an uninstructed delegate to the convention. He had been rejected by Mary and had figured out in his cunning head that the Weldons were absolutely dependant on the Comstock pension and a bride should be the price of his vote. Fox had been approached and had induced Mrs. Comstock to play this last desperate card without letting Comstock know of it.

"I would go to the pothouse willingly, sir," said Weldon; "but the girl won't hear it and she has consented to do as Mrs. Comstock asks of her. The poor thing cried all night for isn't she in love with Comstock, as clever and honest a lad as ever stepped? But she won't budge in her decision and I came to plead for her."

There was an expression in Comstock's face which no man had ever seen there in all his life. He rang his bell sharply and sent the servant to ask Mrs. Comstock to come into the library. When she entered she started back in amazement at the spectacle of her mild-mannered husband, standing behind his table with blazing eyes. She saw Weldon and knew what was coming. She threw up one arm as if to avoid a blow and sought to speak. Before she could do so the words came from him as from some live volcano:

"Madam, you must be mad. Do you think I am so poor a thing that I would accept any result by such means as you have been using—even to the saving of my soul? Do you esteem my honor so lightly as to believe that I would allow my name to be tarnished as you and your disreputable associates have sought to tarnish it? Do you believe that I would have retained an office secured by such means, or permitted you to gratify a foolish vanity by such a sacrifice? Had your plan succeeded it would have been impossible to have longer lived with you. My name will not go before the convention tomorrow. I will never touch the dirty pool of politics again. If Fox ever enters my house again I will cane him. Weldon's pension will

be doubled. Good morning." And he strode heavily out of the room.

The member who answers to the roll call from the thirty-ninth district can turn a jack four times hand-running while looking you squarely in the eye and drink a dozen "highballs" at a sitting. Mr. and Mrs. Comstock remain at home.

TESTED WITH SALT.

How an Apache Chief Selected Warriors for a Hard Campaign.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading, Victoria, Nana and the present Geronimo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of the best bucks, came through to Green River, Wyo. They had heard of the "heap wagon and no boss" and had come to stop the train. They made a lasso of rawhide and fifty men on each side held on to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engine driver saw, when several miles away, what the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes," and opening his throttle let her loose. The cowcatcher struck the rope and buried the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless and legless. The three chiefs went south to their cactus plants much crestfallen. Before they selected these men the old Chief Victoria had them all eat a piece of rock salt about as big as a pecan, run swiftly about 100 yards, sit down on a rock or log and cross their legs. Then he watched the vibration of the feet which were crossed. The feet which vibrated the longest strokes he declined to accept for a severe duty or a dangerous trip, or for one that was at all hazardous. But he accepted the feet which vibrated short, distinct and regular strokes. Now, what did that old chief know about pulsation of the arterial system or of heart action, and, indeed, about salt in the system? I have lived near to Indian reservations and have had occasion often to survey over their lands for railroads and other objects, and since this salt controversy I have wondered where old Victoria got his idea. Is not the child of the sage brush plains better posted than his paleface brother?—New York Herald.

Russia's Many Waterways.

No other country is so prodigally endowed with navigable rivers as Russia. The rivers of Russia have their sources within a comparatively few miles of each other, all of the great streams rising within the area of the broad plateau of the north, so that it was no difficult feat to connect the headwaters of the numerous rivers. The construction of less than 400 miles of actual canals, made it possible to travel by barge from Archangel on the Arctic, to Astrakhan on the Caspian, a distance of more than 3,000 miles, from St. Petersburg to the foot of the Ural, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea by three distinct routes, to say nothing of Moscow and numerous other inland cities which were brought into direct water communication with all parts of the empire.—Engineering Magazine.

Lends Money to Business Women.

Chicago has a Business Women's Loan Association which suggests the "Little Societies" that have long flourished in Germany, although it is less of a philanthropic enterprise and more of a business proposition. The German societies lend small amounts of money to women desiring to go into business for themselves, and records show that the losses of the organization have amounted to very little. The Chicago association lends money for the same uses, but requires good security, and protects itself against any heavy loss. The need of such an organization and its success are an interesting commentary on the eagerness with which women are invading the business world.—New York Sun.

The morose man takes both narrow and selfish views of life and the world; he is either envious of the happiness of others, or denies its existence.

FAD FOR THE BRIDE.

Giving Wedding Ring to Groom Is Now Fashionable.

It has been rumored that capricious Madame la Mode is wearying of the solitaire diamond as an engagement ring and that she favors diamonds combined with gems of color. So far, however, Madame has kept her thoughts to herself pretty well, for little consequence of their expression has been noticed in the jewelry shops. To be sure, colored stones of many kinds are used as a betrothal pledge, and in various forms, frequently with a colored stone in the center and diamonds surrounding. The engagement ring of the new Mrs. Vanderbilt was set with two stones, a sapphire and a diamond, with the familiar diagonal setting. The solitaire diamond ring has found favor for so long a time as an engagement pledge that it has become traditional, and to all appearances it still has the stamp of approval from Dame Fashion. The mounting for the diamond is a high setting, receding slightly toward the base, without a display of much gold to obtrude upon the rainbow scintillation of the dazzling white stone. Wedding rings are narrow and high, some being perfectly round so that if the ring were straightened out the form would be cylindrical. A ring of this shape goes by the name of the Tiffany wedding ring, and it is much more elegant than the wide, barbarous-looking wedding bands of times past. Nowadays it is a fad for the bride to give a wedding ring to the groom when he gives his, and since Wilhelmnia did this the fashion will probably receive a new impetus. A ring given by the bride is exactly like the one she receives, being, in fact, a typical wedding ring enlarged to fit masculine fingers. Some fond, impassioned lovers present their sweethearts with a betrothal bracelet that is locked on with a padlock and kept on the arm "until death do them part."—Philadelphia Times.

Children's Pets.

If one may ever state a general truth applying to all children, surely a safe one to venture would be that they have, without exception, a passion for animals. Dr. E. E. Hale, in speaking to the friends of the Animal Rescue league recently, put in a plea for pets among city children. It has been said that persons who live in cities are less human than those who live in the country because the former are unused to having animals about them. A longing for pets is strong in the heart of every child. Everywhere children yearn for something alive which shall be their very own. Florentine babies guard carefully the wire cage that holds a chirping cricket, the little ones of Japan delight in their captive fireflies that flash their lights through boxes of plaited grass, the tiny, fur-clad Esquimaux rolls about on the floor of his igloo with a bear-cub, the African child frolics with his parrot, the East Indian with his mongoose, and our little people are never so happy as with their white mice, rabbits, doves, dogs, cats and canaries. The parents, watching with interested eyes, the fraternizing of his boy or girl with the animals of wood and field, has a duty laid upon him of seeing that the creature in question is well cared for, according to his peculiar needs. No normal child would willingly hurt his pet, but might neglect it, and if he forgets the needs of a living thing, whose earthly Providence he is, he should be deprived of it until he shows an altered mind.

Sweeping.

In sweeping carpets remove all furniture or cover it thoroughly, as the dampness will cause the dust to stick to the woodwork and soil the fabric. Sweep quickly and carefully from the corners and slides to the center of the room, to prevent the soiling of the wall paper. Take the dust carefully into the dustpan, carry to the kitchen and burn it. If you have a carpet sweeper run over the carpet quickly to brighten it and remove the dust.



"I think it can be arranged."

said he, "I am willing and I will try to attend to the duties that may fall to me in such manner as not to reflect discredit on my name. But positively I know nothing about politics. If you

Current Topics

Chicago Mayorality Contest

Chicago is again in the thick of a municipal campaign. The contest for the mayorality is attracting more than local attention and this for the reason that it is believed by many that the success of one party or the other in a contest in a city as great as Chicago, has an effect on the party at large. But no matter which candidate succeeds the result will hardly have been attained as a result of strictly partisan campaigning. Both of the



ELBRIDGE HANECEY.
(Republican Candidate for Mayor of Chicago.)

principal candidates admit that they are seeking the votes of the citizens who usually vote "the other ticket." So that it may be said that aside from the names "Republican" and "Democrat" at the head of the official ballot there is not much evidence of close party lines. Carter H. Harrison, the Democratic candidate has been twice elected mayor of Chicago and is seeking his third successive term. He is the son of the late Carter H. Harrison, who was assassinated by a crank in 1893. He was born in Chicago.

Elbridge Hanecy, the candidate of the Republicans, came into national notice a year ago, when he sought the Republican nomination for governor. Not being able to muster the required strength, he threw his forces into action for Judge Yates, who was nominated and elected. He has been on the circuit bench of Chicago for several years. He was born in Wisconsin, but settled in Chicago when a boy.

Besides Harrison and Hanecy there are several candidates nominated by petition.

Two Hoyts are in the race for mayor. One is Avery Eugene Hoyt, who is running on the prohibition ticket, the other is Gus Hoyt, who heads the social democratic ticket. Other nominees are John Collins, the candidate of the socialists; John R. Pepin, who leads the socialist labor men, and Thomas Rhodus, the selection of the single taxers.

An Affair of Honor.

Count Boni de Castellane has met M. de Rodays on the field of honor and inflicted upon him a wound which will give him some inconvenience and lay him up for a week. This settles matters very clearly; M. de Castellane is innocent of the charges which de Rodays brought against him. The pres-

ence of his bullet in his adversary's body affords its own convincing proof. The wound is sufficiently serious to show this, and yet not grave enough to give ground for the belief that M. de Rodays in his misrepresentations was guilty of wilful falsehood. If he had intentionally misstated facts the truth undoubtedly would have been shown on the dueling field and M. de Rodays would have been lucky to get off with his life. As it is, the result affords proof of both Boni's innocence and of the unintentional character of de Rodays's wrongdoing. The shallowness of the latter's claims is exposed by the fact that he did not even hit his adversary. Had he done so the verdict against Castellane would have been overwhelming. If each had shot the other it would have been known also that while Boni was guilty as charged his opponent was actuated by malign motives in making the charges. Fortunately it is unnecessary to speculate upon this proposition. M. de Rodays who was first punched into fighting and then shot for doing so, may not be ready to view the matter in a proper and unprejudiced spirit, but Boni's innocence has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of such persons as still believe that the duel is not merely a foolish and wicked survival of an age of barbarism.

Sane View as to Manchooria.

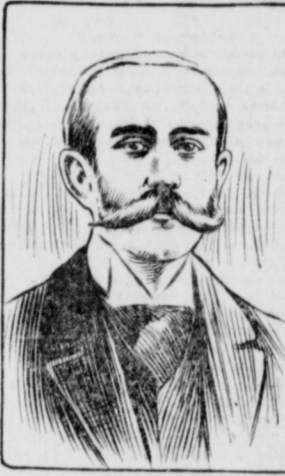
The London Spectator frankly admits that Russia will have Manchooria, and that everybody knows it. Such being the case, it deprecates the bellicose tone of the Asiatic correspondents. It advises Englishmen to admit once for all that they cannot drive Russia out of Manchooria by force, and that nothing will ever cause the Czar's soldiers to evacuate the pro-



CARTER H. HARRISON.
(Democratic Candidate for Mayor of Chicago.)

vince. Russia is as much a fixture in Manchooria as England is in Egypt. The Russian government will go on declaring that this is merely a temporary occupation for the purposes of self-protection, but the Spectator says the thing to do now is to recognize the truth of the matter and attend to securing a commercial "open door." This is a plain and sensible statement of the actual situation.

For the Presidency of Mexico



JOSE LIMANTEUR

General Reyes, who is anxious to succeed Porfirio Diaz as president of Mexico, is the commander of the military forces of the country and popular with the army and civilian classes. He is well known for his large personal acquaintance with Americans and his admiration of America.

Jose Ives Limanteur, who is also a

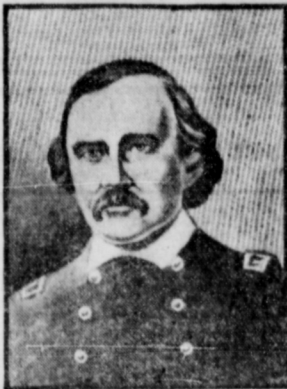


candidate for presidency of Mexico is now financial minister of the republic and one of the most brilliant lawyers of the country. He was taken up several years ago by President Diaz and attained great success in the management of the government's money affairs. He is also very friendly to the Americans.

SAYINGS and DOINGS

Kit Carson's Portrait.

Charles C. Carson, of Higbee, Col., a son of Kit Carson, the great scout, is much displeased with the picture of his father it is proposed to use for a portrait in the State house, and prefers the picture from which the accompanying cut is made. Kit Carson ran away from his Missouri home, going to Santa Fe, N. M., when but a lad of 18 years of age, and began his career as scout, which was invaluable to the government for a number of years. He



KIT CARSON.

was married to Miss Josephine Alamaia at Taos, N. M., seven children being born to them as a result of this union, all of whom are dead with the exception of C. C. Carson, of Higbee, a wealthy stockman; Kit Carson, Jr., of Hastings, Col., and Mrs. Carrie Allen, of Wagonmound, N. M. Kit Carson went into the Arkansas valley in 1868, and located at Boggsville, then a small town two miles south of the present site of Las Animas. He was taken ill shortly after his arrival, and died at Fort Lyons.

Cain's Namesake Dies.

From the Philadelphia North American: Cain Minninger, the oldest resident of Earl township, died yesterday, aged 92 years. He was probably the only man in the state named after the Bible character who figured in a tragedy with his brother Abel. In the same neighborhood some years ago lived a man whose surname was Ananias.

Manila's Police Chief.

Capt. George F. Connelly, who won fame as a commanding officer while in charge of Company H, Thirtieth Regiment Volunteers, is now fully installed in the position of captain of the Metropolitan police force of Manila. The force consists of three captains, nine lieutenants and 700 American patrolmen, all of whom are honorably discharged United States soldiers.

They receive \$75 every month for their services and are reported to be



CHIEF CONNELLY.

the equals of the police of any American city.

Captain Connelly is a Chicagoan and was among the first to volunteer for duty when troops were needed for the Philippines.

The Rod in the Schools.

The rod as an educational and corrective agency in the public schools has been sustained by two Chicago judges within a week. A few days ago Professor G. Stanley Hall, in addressing a mothers' club in this city, declared that Dr. Spank is still as indispensable in a well-ordered home where children are being reared as he was in the days of Ben Franklin. The "new education," it is true, is relegating the rod to the limbo of obsolete things. The idea of restraint or correction has no place in a real up-to-date theory of child training. From the schools this "new education" is spreading to the homes. It is based on the notion that the nature of a child must not be curbed. He must be permitted to follow the tendencies of the child nature, unhampered by rules or chastisement.

The Weekly Panorama.

General Wogack.

General Wogack, whose defiance of the English forces at Tientsin may provoke war between England and Russia, is one of Russia's most trusted leaders in the far east. For the last three years he has been the Russian governor of Port Arthur, the great ter-



GENERAL WOGACK.

ritory which Russia secured from China in 1898. Over all the concession, the exact limits of which have never been defined, his power was supreme and absolute. Under his direction the harbor of Port Arthur was reserved as a station for Russian and Chinese men-of-war and absolutely closed to the naval and merchant vessels of all the other powers. He has also superintended the construction of the fortifications of Port Arthur and has had control of all the civil as well as of the military authorities. General Wogack is said to be a brave soldier and to stand high in the confidence of the authorities at St. Petersburg, who are likely to back him up in any steps he may think it necessary to take.

Venerable Journalist Passes.

Patrick Donahue died in Boston the other day, aged 91. He founded the Boston Pilot in the early thirties and brought out such literary lights as Thomas D'Arcy Magee, John Boyle O'Reilly, Edmund Drummond and others. During the late civil war he had charge of the recruiting of the



PATRICK DONAHUE.

Massachusetts Irish regiments, thereby temporarily impoverishing his fortune. In later years he regained wealth in the publishing business. In his younger days Mr. Donahue had few equals, as a public orator.

Benjamin Harrison as a Writer.

The nation has lost in Benjamin Harrison a rare employer of the English tongue. Never avowedly a literary exemplar, never pretending to style as something superior to the thing to be said, never writing but when he had something of weight and moment to say, his pen was lucid, singular in force and felicity, apt in descriptive without excess of ornament, pertinent in allusion without redundancy, keen in logic without acid, gracious without affectation, pure, perspicuous and hard to refute. His recent contributions to political literature possess in exceptional degree patriotism, conviction and a delightful literary charm which few, if any, living can match.

Hugo's Eldest Daughter.

Victor Hugo's eldest daughter, Mlle. Adele Hugo, is now nearly 77 years old. She was engaged to be married to an English officer, who died in India. On learning of her loss her mind became affected, and she is still ignorant of her father's death. The two other heirs of the poet are his grandson and granddaughter, M. Georges Hugo and Mme. Jean Charcot, who married the son of a well-known neurologist.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

Less Gold from Australia.

The returns from the Australasian gold fields show a decrease in output of 286,294 ounces in 1900 as compared with 1899. But there is no occasion to go into hysterics from fear of a gold famine. The output was 4,461,105 ounces in 1899. The decrease for the year, therefore, was not much more than 6 per cent. Expressed in terms of dollars the decrease last year was \$5,726,000, round figures, and the output last year was the very respectable sum of \$83,500,000, or only about \$12,000,000 less than the output of all the gold fields in the world in 1893. After England finishes the job of wiping out the republics of South Africa the full resumption of mining in the Transvaal will make up last year's loss in Australia perhaps six times over.

Russia's Great Diplomat.

Count Arthur de Cassini, the Russian ambassador, who declares that Russia has no intention of absorbing Mongolia, is a diplomat who is thoroughly acquainted with the country now in dispute between Great Britain and the government of the czar. He came to Washington in 1897 as plenipotentiary, and was subsequently raised to the rank of ambassador by the emperor. For five years previously to his arriving in America he was the czar's representative at Peking, and it was through his negotiations



COUNT CASSINI.

that Russia acquired its vast power in China after the war with Japan.

Lee's Military Career.

Colonel Charles Marshall of Baltimore, who was invited by Washington and Lee university several years ago to write a military biography of General Robert E. Lee, is reported to have practically completed his work. General Lee himself collected data for an account of the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, but did not begin the work of actual composition. Colonel Marshall has made use of this material in preparing his memoir, and has also had access to many of the captured Confederate records in the war department at Washington.

Invents Torpedo Boat.

The government has consented to listen to the claims made by Dr. Alsbau, the woman doctor, for her latest invention, a torpedo boat. If the experts are favorably impressed at the hearing a trial of the boat will soon be made.

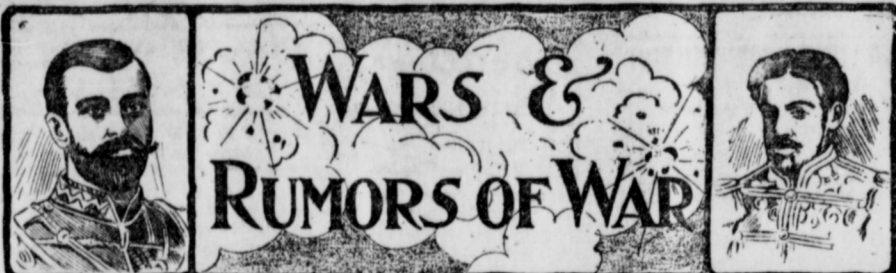
The chief novelty of the device, as claimed by the inventors, is that, after leaving its projecting mechanism, it separates, the main portion continuing on its course under the water, while the other section rises to the surface, continues its flight through



MRS. ALSBAU.

the air, and strikes the target above the water line.

The invention is called the "Just-Alsbau torpedo." Dr. Alsbau is an attractive woman, still young, who has patented several electric devices, and who holds diplomas crediting her as a mechanical engineer.



CZAR OF RUSSIA

EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Russia and France vs. Britain and Japan.

Russia and Japan are steadily drifting toward a collision. Japanese statesmen may wish to avert it, but they may be powerless to resist the popular demand.

The Japanese army, on a war footing, numbers 603,116 officers and men.

of the British navy. Their great battleships are of the latest fighting invention, whereas a large portion of the British navy is composed of wooden ships. It would be murder, nothing less, to send these ships against the modern destroyers of France and Russia. It would therefore be a war of the first-class ships of the three na-

tions. In a combination France and Russia's fleets would be somewhat superior to Britain's. But whether their fighting blood is as good as the case with their proposed foe is another matter.

The next few months may develop a war that may change the maps of the world.



FROM A PHOTO OF A COMPANY OF RUSSIAN CAVALRY AT TIENTSIN.

Russia is said to have 3,564,000 available, but, of course, most of them are not in Manchuria and could not easily be sent there nor kept from starving if they were.

Counting the forces mobilized for the Chinese expedition, Russia at last accounts had four army corps in Siberia, numbering in all about 160,000 men. A considerable part of this force of course is in western Siberia, thousands of miles from the scene of any conflict between Russia and Japan.

Although Russia has three times the population of Japan, this discrepancy would practically cut no figure. The resources of either country in the raw material of armies may be considered unlimited. The Japanese are not, like the Boers, in any danger of the absolute exhaustion of their male population. They have over eight million men of military age, and for them, as for the Russians, the question of military strength at the point of contact is merely one of organization, transport, subsistence, skill in command, quality of troops and finance.

The Russian fleet in the far east consisted a few months ago of three battleships, seven first-class and two second-class cruisers, six gunboats, two torpedo boat destroyers, twenty torpedo boats and three transports. At the same time Japan had four first-class and two second-class battleships, ten coast defense vessels, three first-class, nine second-class and five third-class cruisers, sixteen gunboats, three dispatch boats, one transport, twelve torpedo boat destroyers and thirty-eight torpedo boats. Besides these she has under construction two first-class battleships, which are now about ready, three first-class cruisers, two third-class cruisers, one gunboat and twenty torpedo boats.

It would probably be a matter of considerable effort to get Russia to bring ships enough from the Baltic to equal Japan's strength in the Pacific. Of course, if she could get the help of France it would be a different affair, and if a fight comes France will not fail to aid the Muscovites. In that case Japan would need a friend. The current incidents between Russian and British troops at Tientsin indicate where she might possibly find one.

With France and Russia fighting Japan and Britain Germany would naturally be inclined to aid Britain, but would find herself sandwiched between the land forces of France on the south and Russia on the north. United Germany would not last long against those powerful forces. Her navy would be of no use in such a war. The country would be overrun by Slav and Gaul. Therefore Germany would be forced to remain neutral. Thus the while, the French and Russian Asiatic fleets would be engaged with Japan their European fleets would be busy with the navy of Great Britain.

It is argued that the French and Russian fleets would make short work

The Morocco Trouble.

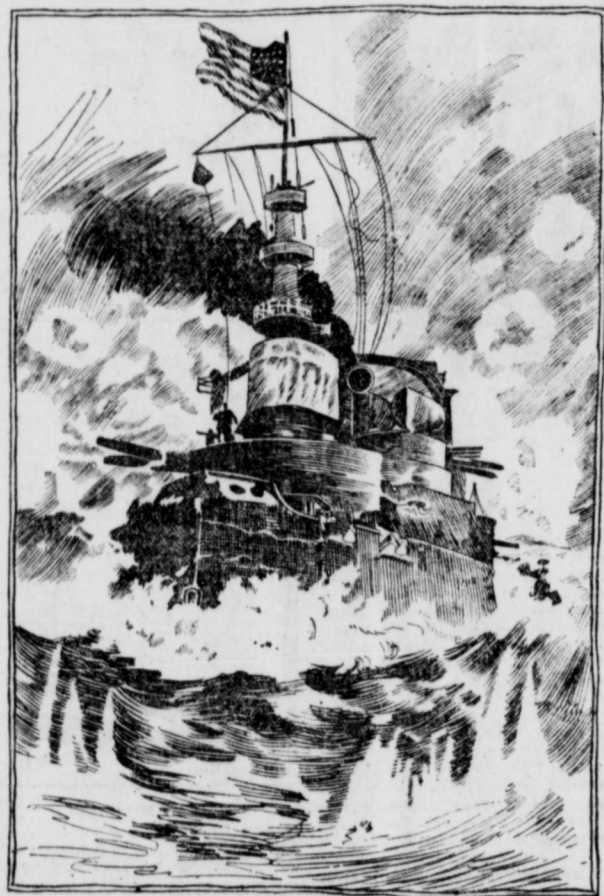
The United States government proposes to force the payment by the Sultan of Morocco of an aggregate of about \$50,000 in claims due to citizens of the states who have been unjustly dealt with by the provincial authorities of Morocco.

Morocco has agreed to pay the Ex-aqui claim of \$5,000, but she has steadfastly ignored the settlement of other equally important indemnities.

The aggregate of \$50,000 in claims is the result of several years' outrages against American citizens. In some instances commercial travelers have been interfered with contrary to the treaty rights. In other cases the property of Americans such as cattle, sheep and grain have been seized by the provincial authorities. Lately an immediate reckoning was demanded.

One of the curiosities of the litigation is that the Morocco "court" gets out of the way whenever a day has been set for a hearing. Mr. Gummere, our consul at Tangier, the capital, has been instructed practically to corral the court and insist on a hearing. If the court is not willing to yield to Mr. Gummere's suasion the cruiser New York will take a hand in the settlement.

In all cases, however, the presence of an American war ship has been effective off Morocco. The Ex-aqui claim was promptly put into the way of settlement when the Sultan heard that Dixie had been ordered from Naples to Tangier. Even in that case, however, the Sultan pleaded the Fast of Ramazan as an excuse for one month's more delay. The Sultan held that during Ramazan he could not attend to business.



THE NEW YORK AT SEA.



Keeps it Off the Ground.

The housekeeper who has trouble with sagging clotheslines will appreciate the merit of the clothes dryer recently invented, as shown herewith. It has two great advantages over previous devices for this purpose in that it can be lowered within easy reach of the laundress when hanging the clothes, and is then raised far enough



above the ground to lift the washing out of reach of the dirt. It will be noticed that the uprights are jointed and pivoted near the base, with a windlass mounted on a short post at one end, to which a rope is attached. By releasing the ratchet and unwinding the rope a short distance, the posts tilt downward by their own weight until the line is conveniently low for hanging the wash, the weight of the posts and crosspieces keeping the line taut meanwhile, or a coiled spring can be used to attach the opposite end of the dryer from the windlass to its posts. It is not necessary to walk from one end of the line to the other in hanging the clothes, as pulleys are provided, and arrangement may be made for hanging as many lines as desired. As soon as the wash is on the line the windlass is used to tighten the rope again, lifting the posts into a vertical position and maintaining the lines at their highest level.

A Fruit Tree Sprayer.

The illustration shows an improved spraying apparatus for discharging liquids on the foliage of fruit trees, the machine being designed especially for large orchards, where time is more valuable. With the apparatus provided it is possible to drive a team between the rows of trees may be sprayed at the same time. There is also a storage tank for the accumulation of pressure, in order that if a



tree is discovered to be unusually infested with insects the wagon may be stopped long enough to treat them to an extra large dose of the destroyer. The pipes are arranged in such a manner that a number of barrels of the liquid may be carried at once, emptying themselves automatically in rotation, without the opening or closing of any valves when the sprayer is once in motion. Thus a large quantity of the liquid may be carried and discharged with the least attention to detail, allowing the operator to devote his entire thought to the condition of the trees. The pump is operated by gearing it directly to the hub of one of the wheels.

Housing in London.

Nothing in recent municipal history on its social side has equalled in interest and significance the achievements and projects within the last dozen years of the London county council in building homes for wage-earners. Up to the beginning of this year buildings for the accommodation of 16,352 persons had, with the exception of a minor fraction then under construction, been completed, and had been acquired, and plans were under way to accommodate 14,853 persons, and the purchase of land had been sanctioned for the erection of still others to accommodate 5,800 persons.

Incendiary Microbes.

Under the above title a writer, La Nature, of Paris, contributes an interesting article on spontaneous combustion, showing that when stored hay, bales of cotton, tobacco, etc., take fire, the action is in the first place due to bacteria. In wet seasons such fires are most common and are due to storing the hay, etc., in a damp state; fermentation follows, with great rise of temperature—a process due entirely to the action of microbes; the hay is changed to a dry, porous and carbonaceous condition, and it presently takes fire. It will consume slowly, until accident brings the external air to its help, when the incandescent mass bursts into flame, and the microbes which caused the initial mischief are destroyed in a funeral pyre of their own making.

Divorces in England.

In 1861 the population of England and Wales was about 20,000,000. In that year 258 divorce suits were entered. Ten years later there were 416 suits among 23,000,000 population. In 1881 there were 618 out of 26,000,000, and last year there were 822 out of 31,000,000.

NEARLY GONE.

Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan, of Owosso, Mich., Has a Very Narrow Escape—The Doctor Had Little Hope.

Owosso, Mich., March 25—(Special.)—Elite Rebekah Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F. of this town, came very nearly losing their esteemed and capable secretary, Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan. Mrs. Mallahan caught a severe cold last winter, and like many others, failed to recognize the dangerous possibilities until it had settled in her kidneys, and left her with very severe bearing down pains and almost constant backache. It almost carried her off. Mrs. Mallahan tells the story this way:

"I caught a cold last winter, which I neglected until it settled in my kidneys, causing severe bearing down pains and almost constant backache. My health had previously been so good that I paid little attention to these symptoms, until the disease had gone so far that my doctor entertained but a slight hope of my recovery.

"Fortunately one of our Lodge Members mentioned Dodd's Kidney Pills. Her description of the cures they had effected sounded like a fairy tale, but I sent for a box, deciding to give them a trial. I soon found that she had but half told the story of what they could do. I bless the day I first tried them, and have nothing but the highest praise for them."

Many very valuable lives have been saved by the timely use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and not a few of these have been in Owosso and other neighboring Michigan towns. There seems to be no case of kidney trouble or backache that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

They are 50c. a box, six boxes for \$2.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he cannot supply you, send to the Dodds Medicine Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cholly: And now that you've finished school, Miss Daisy, I suppose you can conjugate love in several languages. Miss Daisy: No, but I can decline "you" in English.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Highest of Streams.

The latest estimate of the quantity of warm water flowing northward through the Atlantic in the form of the Gulf Stream makes it many times as great as all the water discharged into the oceans by all the streams and rivers of the earth.

SEND NO MONEY

If you live within 35 miles of Miami, send us a few lines and we will send you a copy of our new book, "THE HIGHEST OF STREAMS," by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. This book is the highest grade of seed material made for us under contract by the best seed maker in America. Made from the very best material that money can buy. Will save more evenly and more satisfactorily than any other seed made. Will save 10 acres of wheat per acre, other seeds at proportionate rates. Very Latest Model for 1901. Embodies every improvement over good point of every other seed sower made, with the defects of none. Write for Free Agricultural Implement Catalogue, address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

W. N. U. ST. LOUIS, NO. 13, 1901

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ALL KINDS OF CROUP, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, Etc. In time. Sold by druggists.

No wonder the fair sex is clamoring for equal rights. As it now stands, when a man dies his better half is entitled to only a third of his estate.

During the past eight months donations and subscriptions amounting to over £23,000 have been received for the Roman Catholic cathedral of Westminster, which structure is externally now practically complete.

Over \$17,000,000 was spent on 102 vessels purchased by the navy department during the war with Spain. Seven of these were transferred to the war department, seven were sold and two sunk; thirteen are used by the state militia and five are at the navy yards or stations. Of all the remaining thirty-two seventeen are at the Asiatic station.

A queer sentence closes the inscription on a tombstone in a churchyard in Leigh, England. After announcing the name and other particulars of the lady there buried, these words follow: "A virtuous woman is 5s, to her husband." The explanation is that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonecutter argued that a crown equals 5s.

Mexico has a national bathing day. It comes once a year—on that day every Mexican, from the president down to the humblest servant or laborer, is expected to give himself or herself a good wash. Some of the Mexicans, probably fearing the pneumonia, rarely permit water to touch their bodies; but on the national bathing day the most of them like to get in the swim.

The Bon Marche, the great department store of Paris, feeds its 4,000 employees. The smallest kettle in its kitchen has a capacity of 100 quarts, and the largest 500. Each of the fifty frying pans is big enough for 300 cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare, 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone sixty cooks and 100 assistants are usually at the ranges.

A good story has been going the rounds of an old Spanish priest, who labored for a long time in the Philippine Islands. His friends entreated him, before he died, to write out in a book the knowledge which he had gained of the people for the enlightenment of his successors. After he was gone, they opened hopefully a large volume which he left, inscribed "What I know about the Filipinos," only to find that the pages were all blank.

Ohio capitalists closed a deal recently for the purchase of 4,000 acres of improved Florida lands, located on the St. John's river, forty-five miles south of Jacksonville. On the land is a beautiful magnolia grove and it is so situated that it is very desirable for residence purposes. During the coming summer the new owners will erect several handsome houses thereon, and the entire tract will be fenced and used as a game preserve for the enjoyment of the owners and their friends.

Philanthropy has been defined as Tom's opinion of what Dick ought to do for Harry. An ounce of illustration is worth a ton of definition. A visitor at a Hartford hospital was told that Nancy Cornelius, a young Indian nurse, could earn twenty dollars a week in that city, and have all her time employed. Feeling a call of duty to the sick and aged among her own people, this splendidly equipped woman offered her services as doctor, nurse, housekeeper and scrubwoman in a little hospital among the Wisconsin Indians. For this arduous work she receives the meager sum of \$200 a year. Her returns in gratitude, and the humble efforts of her people to follow her lead to better things, pass all computation.

Captain George W. Streeter of Chicago entered the office of the chief clerk of the department of the interior the other afternoon and asked that he be "sworn in as delegate in congress from the territory of Lake Michigan." He was informed that it is not a function of the department of the interior to administer the oath of office to members of congress. "But," persisted the captain, "I hold in my hand the electoral vote of the territory, which I must cast for president." Mr. De Lacy told the visitor he might get some light on the situation by going to the capitol and the captain moved eastward. Captain Streeter said in an interview: "Yes, it is true that I am the duly elected delegate for a term of four years from the new territory of Lake Michigan, east of Chicago, range 3, township 47. A territorial form of government was established there four years ago. We have a territory covering 300 acres and we have 127 voters. I am going up to the capitol to see Mr. Roosevelt."



An Ideal Library.

Mme. Modjeska's own room—her den—is the library. It has triple mulioned windows and a quaint stone fireplace. Engravings, etchings, paintings, rare Persian rugs, old mahogany furniture and deep seated leather chairs make this room most alluring. Carved oak bookcases fill the side of the room opposite the long French windows that open upon the mountain view. Madame's work table is filled with books of plays and volumes on stage costumes and stage settings. Scrapbooks of dramatic criticisms and theatrical events and photographs of noted players are in picturesque confusion. Among the valued pieces of furniture is a quaint little black brass legged table of the time of Queen Elizabeth, which was presented by "Joe" Jefferson to Count Bozenta. Above this table hangs a miniature picture on porcelain of Marie Antoinette.

The book number perhaps two thousand—books in French, Russian, Polish, Italian and English. A magnificent edition of Balzac, the gift of Alphonse Daudet, occupies a place of honor, for Mme. Modjeska considers this writer among the greatest novelists of the century. Shakespeare in many editions and many languages is here, with critical and analytical essays and commentaries galore. Sienkiewicz's works in Polish are upon the shelves, each volume an author's copy. Photographs, water colors, carvings, and many ornaments adorn the room.

The music room is a charming spot. A grand piano occupies one end, and there are also a beautiful harp and a collection of musical instruments representing many countries. The whole interior of the home is filled with art treasures from all parts of the globe.

The dining room, a long, low, sunny apartment, has a great brick fireplace and a recessed stained glass window. The walls are hung with many art trophies, among which is a collection of arms, old swords, ancient cutlasses, crude battle axes and murderous javelins.

MODJESKA'S HOME.
"The Forest of Arden," the beautiful home of Helena Modjeska, upon the Pacific coast, is about to pass out of her hands. Negotiations are said to be now pending by which this unique ranch, the summer home of Count and Countess Bozenta, may become the property of an eastern millionaire. The estate in Santiago Canyon, away back upon a spur of the Coast Range Mountains in Orange county, Cal., has been the possession of Modjeska for more than a quarter of a century. It is a spot that connoisseurs of art and lovers of nature find almost ideal. The drive to it is made across the fertile Santa Ana Valley, through orchards of oranges and lemons and thousands of acres of waving grain. In the winter the uncultivated land is a carpet of wild flowers, where fields of flaming yellow poppies and dainty "baby blue eyes" and scarlet "Indian paint brush" blossom riotously.

A Beautiful Spot.
The gradual ascent from five hundred to twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level is scarcely felt as one passes up the canyon, through groves of immense live oaks and gnarled old sycamores, under a tangle of wild grape vines and other creepers, crossing again and again a little mountain stream winding down to the valley below. With skill and taste this beautiful drive has been made most attractive.



HELENA MODJESKA.

Wide detours are taken to spare the trees, rustic bridges span the rest-least stream, while giant boulders covered with lichens remain untouched in picturesque beauty along the way. A sudden turn in the canyon brings one to Modjeska Park, a natural park of stately trees, two miles beyond which stands the house. It is a lone, rambling one-story house, with broad piazzas and vine-clad trellises.

"Arden" embraces two thousand acres, about seventy of which are in orchards of oranges, lemons, nuts and deciduous fruits. Around the house are velvet lawns and flowing fountains and rare shrubbery. In the background rise purple peaks and mountain solitudes. The house is quaint and picturesque. It has French windows and broad verandas, where awnings, hammocks and cosy seats make outdoor life possible during all the summer months.

MILLER AS RICHARD SAVAGE.

Mr. Henry Miller is one of the most securely entrenched players of the American stage, a position he has achieved by dint of unvarying excellence in every endeavor. He is now playing "Richard Savage" at the Lyceum theater, New York. Mr. Miller met with marked success in his three previous plays, "Heartsease," "The Master" and "The Only Way," and "Richard Savage" is meeting with equal favor.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has an option on a one-act operetta of the French period of 1670. The story is said to be ingenious and cleverly worked out, with a fencing climax. It is quite likely that Miss Davis will star in an operetta of this character next season.

If God gives not bushelfuls, He gives spoonfuls.



SUPERSTITIONS OF FIGHTERS.

"Do you know," said a well-known trainer of prize-fighters the other night while chatting with friends in the corridor of a hotel, "that pugilists as a class are the most superstitious people in my estimation in the world? There is not a boxer in the profession today who does not possess a characteristic whim or foible. Of course, that is human nature, but the general public is not aware that many of our noted scrappers believe in talismans, such as rabbits' feet, luck stones, battered coins, etc. Even some of them go as far as to praying that defeat may not be their fate."

Jeffries is Peculiar.

"Jim Jeffries is probably the most peculiar character in this respect in the ring today. While he openly says that he is not afraid of any man his height and weight in the world, and justly so, for I consider him a great fighter, he does not take any chances. Before he enters the ring he is very nervous, and his first thoughts are of his mother. He thinks of her night and day, and believes that with her in his mind he will never lose. While in training everything must be so. His gloves must be tied a certain way, and if the strings are twisted he will kick. He thinks that it will bring him ill-luck. He must have his usual seat at the table at his training quarters, and he will not do any work after a certain hour."

Corbett and Dirty Cent.

"One day while Jim was at work at Ashbury Park for his memorable contest with Bob Fitzsimmons he spied a dirty-looking cent on the road. Tommy Ryan was with him at the time, and when the champion saw the coin he was at first loath to pick it up. Turning to Ryan he said, pointing to the ground: 'There's a cent over there, Tom, and I am afraid to touch it. I'll take a chance, though, and if it is heads up why I'll beat Fitz without a doubt. If it isn't, why, Tom, I'll get licked sure.' So Jeff picked the cent up, and sure enough it was heads up. I tell you he was as happy as a child with a new toy when he discovered this, and you could not make him believe after that that Fitz had a chance."

McGovern's Superstitions.

"McGovern is one of the most superstitious boxers now in the game. Terry has a habit of spitting in his shoes before he engages in a mill. He always kisses his wife, too, and I have been told that he has often prayed. On the night of his match with Oscar Gardner, while on the way to the Broadway A. C., it suddenly occurred to Terry that he had forgotten to kiss his wife. He had barely enough time to get ready and insisted that he must return to his wife, who was waiting for news of the fray at a neighboring hotel. 'I feel nervous tonight, Sam,' said McGovern to Manager Harris, 'and I think I'm going to lose.' Harris was surprised over this unexpected remark and asked: 'Why, Terry?' 'Because,' answered the champion, 'I forgot to kiss the missus. I guess I'll have enough time to do so,' and without further ado Terry left the clubhouse and went to his wife. He was back in a jiffy and was apparently much relieved. When the battle was over McGovern said to Harris: 'I'm very glad that I went back to the hotel. I was punished for my forgetfulness by being knocked down in the first round.'

A MEMORABLE BATTLE.

His name of Charley Mitchell, who is now in the United States, was almost



CHARLEY MITCHELL.

As well known in sporting circles a few years ago as that of Sullivan. He was at the time the most formidable antagonist of the Boston slugger, the best battle of his life being with John

L. at Chantilly, France, March 10, 1883. After 39 rounds, lasting three hours and 11 minutes, the referee declared the contest a draw. Sullivan was the stronger and harder hitter, but Mitchell managed to evade the terrible blows of the old champion by going down repeatedly and indulging in sprinting tactics.

Mitchell is now 33 years old. He fought his first battle in 1878, in Birmingham, England. In December, 1882, he whipped all the best men in England at a championship competition in London. He came to this country in 1883 and met Sullivan in Madison Square Garden. The police stopped the contest in the third round, the Boston man having the best of the encounter. Among others Mitchell met on this trip were Jake Kilrain, Dominick McCaffrey, Billy Edwards and Herbert A. Slade. McCaffrey bested him. In 1887 he made another tour of this country, defeating "Reddy" Gallagher at Cleveland, O. His defeat by Corbett in 1894 in three rounds practically ended his pugilistic career, although he claims to be in good shape at present. It is a well-known fact that he has taken good care of himself and has laid by considerable of this world's goods. But the report that he intends to re-enter the gladiatorial arena was a dream, and so has been stamped by the English boxer himself.

CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER.

First Regiment athletes of Chicago now claim among its ranks the indoor



OTTO KAECKE.

champion in the running high jump. In the dual meet between the soldiers and the combined Y. M. C. A. teams Feb. 16, Otto Kaecke, a member of the soldiers' team, cleared the bar at 5 feet 10 1/4 inches, bettering Fred Powers' of Notre Dame, best record by one-half inch. Powers made his record in the A. A. U. meet in Milwaukee in 1898. Only twice has Kaecke's performance been beaten in the west, once by Walter of Wisconsin and once by Dougherty of Illinois, both performances being on the turf. Kaecke has been prominent among Chicago's athletes for several years. His best records have been made in indoor meets. He is also a good pole vaulter, and has carried off innumerable prizes in various meets. He has been connected with the various turners' societies during the last few years, and has always been relied upon to win points. Kaecke has been entered in the A. A. U. meet at Milwaukee this week, where he is certain to carry off one or more prizes.—Times-Herald.

ALMOST KNOCKED OUT.

The boxing game is getting hard hit all over the country. The governors of the different states have come out lately in vigorous language and declared that they will not allow prize fights to be held within the respective domains over which they exercise executive control. The one exception to this is the State of Nevada. This seems to be the only spot where the fighters and promoters can find any hope of pulling off matches. Carson City, which was the scene of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons battle, may again be the meeting place of champions, and would-be champions, but the financial part of the game in this sporting center is far from promising.

Here is about the status of the baseball situation at present: Lajoie, Jimmy Collins, Clark Griffiths, Hugh Jennings and several other National league players jumped to the American league last evening. They will jump back this morning.

Tim Donahue, the Chicago catcher, says that Napoleon Lajoie, Willie Keeler, Joe McGinnity and "Muggsy" McGraw are the greatest living baseball players. "The rest of us are bunched," says Tim.

THE ONLOOKER: What He Sees and What He Hears....

A motorman occasionally goes up against it. Yesterday a half-grown boy boarded a car full of passengers and dropped in a school children's check.

"Sonny," said the motorman in a loud voice, "you're too old. You can't ride on that. You'll have to drop in a nickle."

The boy blushed in confusion, but a happy thought struck him.

"Gimme back my check, then," he demanded, "and I'll put in a nickle."

It was the motorman's time to get rattled. He was stumped, and the passengers were laughing at him.

"Well," he finally said, "you can ride on it this time, but don't you ever try it again!"

On the chaingang at present is one of the most demoralized-looking individuals to be found in a day's journey, and if reports are true, one of the most remarkable. It is "Butch Selby," a typical "hobo," whose present plight resulted from a disastrous conflict with "booze." "Butch" is a pretty good sort, but like many others he persists in his quixotic booze fighting, until he has developed—or rather, degenerated—into quite a character.

His right name is Richard Hesselbaine, and he came originally from Nashville, Tenn. It is said that he was educated for the priesthood, and received a legacy of \$50,000, which he squandered quickly in riotous living. He is not fond of work, because his requirements are met just as well without it, and always appears as blithesome and gay in his depravity as the millionaire with his bank stock and fine carriages. He has been about Paducah for several years, and is well known to everybody. Despite his shortcomings, "Butch" has quite a number of friends, who hope he will yet brace up.

The noted Kit Carson has relatives in Metropolis, Ill. The pioneer scout was a great fighter, and an interesting story is told of one of his rifles. His Metropolis kinsmen are L. C. and I. B. Flanagan, whose mother was his sister. The rifle story is that the weapon is the property of Montezuma Lodge, Masons, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and is deposited in the vaults of the First National bank there.

Kit Carson, was a member of the lodge and his remains are buried in Taos, N. M. There is a monument erected to his memory in front of the United States court house in Santa Fe and many citizens, and a few members of the lodge remember him when in life, and all respect his memory.

The lodge will celebrate the 50th anniversary of its institution on the 12th of May next, and it is proposed by some of the members to place the relic on exhibition during that day.

It is said that millions of cane fishing poles are imported every year from Japan to supply the demand in this country.

The poles are brought from Japan and India as ballast in the tea vessels. If they were not used for this they could never be imported profitably. As it is, they are handled merely for the accommodation of country customers. These poles are called "Japs."

Formerly thousands of poles were brought from the swamps of Mississippi. Now that supply is practically exhausted. One room had to be left at a regular temperature to keep the Southern canes in condition and even then the loss was heavy. The Jap pole is much superior, the natural enamel being almost perfect. The imported poles are sold for but a slight advance on the Mississippi canes. The Japanese supply is being rapidly cut away and in a few years the cane pole will be entirely supplanted by the steel fishings rods.

A facetious friend sends me the following clippings from a Twenty-

first century newspaper dated March 31, 20 1.

From The Sunday Chat, published every five minutes. Thought-wave news from the planets and other parts of the universe regularly. Latest and Best. Reported by wireless telephone.

"The Billionaire Milling company is preparing to erect a compressed food and perpetual youth factory on the site of Morton's opera house. The fire that destroyed this building a hundred years ago is well remembered by some of our older citizens.

"General Manager Gus Thompson, of the Consolidated Air Ship company, dropped in from New York at noon and returned at 12:05. It is rumored he is still contemplating matrimony.

"Mr. Ed Gillen, of the Artificial Timber Producing association, met with a peculiar accident above Cairo today. His ball-bearing, self-acting air ship collided with some thought waves from the Sunday Chat and it was half an hour before the vessel could descend.

"Mayor James E. English has just celebrated his 139th birthday. He was given a banquet in the 76th story of The Kentuckian opera house building. Among the guests was Adeline Patti, who is now making her farewell tour of America.

"General Manager Charles Morris, of the Illinois Concentrated Electric railroad, will have a few friends over from Europe this evening.

"Considerable fun was created yesterday by the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Famous Works, by Weille Brothers. A large crowd gathered in front of the building to grab for elegant samples of asbestos-lined aluminum pants, which are now a great favorite with the women, who lead the men in the latest styles in trousers. P. S.—The pants all had strings tied to them. The crowd was grabbing for stray buttons.

"Jack, the whiskers clipper, continues to harrass the patriarchs of legal row. Yesterday a daring fiend seized Federal Judge Eugene Graves, and deprived him of his elegant growth of chin sorrel. As usual, there is no clue. Later—The police got the whiskers. They couldn't get away.

"Rev. Jeff J. Read made the presentation speech at the celebration of Col. Haskell Hughes' golden wedding yesterday, when Col. Hughes was presented with a Revised Edition of his own auto biography.

"Mr. George Detzel, the millionaire brewer, had out on exhibition for a short time yesterday his herd of educated typhoid germs. He is mourning the loss of his petrified X-ray, however, which was accidentally swallowed by his reckless giraffe.

"Mrs. Carrie Nation visited Paducah last week with her patent saloon exterminating apparatus with X-ray, burglar alarm attachments. She visited Mr. Chas. Emery's Nicotine Bottling Works, on the 49th floor of the Odd Fellows' building, and gave an exhibition lasting ten minutes, after which Mr. Emery offered a reward for anything that was left—except Mrs. Carrie herself. She was arrested by General Commanding James Collins, but Mike Johnson went her bond and she was released.

The Arcade held another big auction sale yesterday. A few of those relics once popularly known as automobiles were closed out at 98c marked down from half a dollar.

"Captain Billy Gray has gone on the road for the 'War Cry.' His territory will embrace the greater part of Europe and a small portion of Kansas.

"Dr. Marmaduke Dillon received the sad news today of the death of a relation on Mars.

"Steps are to be taken to repair the court house at Sixth and Washington. It is said fiscal court opposes the appropriation, as the building was repaired in 1889.

"Prof. Chas. Weille is meeting with great success with his new lecture,

"Pioneer Days of Paducah." He will shortly start on his second tour of the globe.

"W. J. Bryan's Hot Air ship is now running double time. Mr. Bryan is getting ready for his next campaign, and his twenty-fifth effort to become president promises to meet with the same success the other twenty-four did.

"The city council has decided that Paducah needs a new city hospital. The present one was built in 1877, and some among them Councilman Elliott, think it is still good, but Dr. J. G. Brooks is circulating a petition to increase it from six rooms to ten or twelve.

"Pat Crow, who created something of a sensation last century kidnapping a youngster out west, was in the city today and called on his old friend, Col. J. R. Dorris, at one time assistant general superintendent to General Manager W. J. Hills, of the Billion Dollar railroad.

He spent an enjoyable day with Mr. Dorris, but didn't have much to say.

"Rev. Jeff J. Read preached at the Union Trades League association tabernacle last night. One feature of the entertainment was the exhibition of Tom Payne's liquid-arified soul as a horrible example.

"An amended petition to the suit of Porteous & Patterson against the city to collect money for a brick street last century was filed before Judge Dave Cross today. It is rumored that a settlement may yet be reached in the case.

There is one certain candidate in Paducah who cannot be worked by "moochers." The other morning a typical political parasite espied the candidate and called him.

"Just watch me fix this fellow," the candidate remarked in a low tone to a man with him.

"Say," began the moocher, "I'd like to borrow fifty cents from you."

"Well, that's strange," answered the candidate, in admirably feigned surprise, "I had just started to ask you to loan me 50 cents. It seems that we're both broke. It's just my luck, though, for me and my friends to all be broke at the same time. I'm sorry you can't accommodate me."

The moocher was one of the most astonished men in town, about this time. There was nothing for him to take offense at, so he stammered some kind of an apology and abruptly left.

"That's the only way to deal with those sort of fellows," observed the candidate. "Half of them can't vote, and a man who has no more self-respect than to go about imposing on men running for office in such a disgusting manner is as useless as a friend, as he is powerless as an enemy. They work 'em coming and going, and are out strictly to gouge every candidate who comes along. But they can't pull me that way."

As there are to be other elections this year, candidates might profit by the above man's experience and thus contribute to the obliteration of the "moocher" element.

AS TRUE AS GOSPEL

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

The best way to do good for ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

'Tis not chance nor yet fate; 'tis the greatness born with him and in him that makes a man great.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.

If you have never tried to make anybody happy you have no idea how much pleasure you have overlooked.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father or mother.

"The Religious Spirit in the Poets" is a series of essays in the English poets from Spencer to Browning, developing from the great poems of literature the religious convictions of the writers. It is by the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, and should prove eminently interesting to lovers of poetry.

CLEVER STORIES:

"The Real Bad Man."
"What His Friend Wanted."

THE REAL BAD MAN.

"A stripling of effeminate rosiness and neat attire sat in the corner of a frontier saloon, modest, silent, and as far out of the way as he could get. He had stepped from the train, and he was waiting for the stage. It was starched linen that he wore; the city showed quite plainly in his hat; and it is still in dispute whether any down was visible upon his lip. But he was old enough to be smoking a cigar with all the appearance of habit. This cigar, also, was not a native of the town. In fact, the young man had made no purchase upon entering the saloon; nevertheless, the proprietor could scarcely complain of him. The stranger had asked if he might wait here for the stage, and had thanked the proprietor for his permission.

"Then he had sought his quiet corner, and lighted his cigar.

"A citizen walked out of the back room and up to the bar. He had left a faro game; and the proprietor was friendly with him, but respectful; that sort of respect which is flavored delicately with just enough familiarity to bring it out. It is probable that the citizen had had more drinks than the one he now took. It is also likely that faro had not gone as well with him this morning as he considered his due. His dissatisfied eye fell upon the rosy youth and his cigar; and he took the glass from his lips and held it, considering the stranger.

"At length, without removing his eyes, he inquired: 'What Christmas tree did that drop off?'

"The proprietor hastened to take this view. 'It's express tag has fluttered away, I guess,' he whispered, jocosely.

"The citizen remembered his whisky, swallowed it, set the glass gently down, gently drew his six-shooter, and shot the cigar to smash out of the young man's mouth.

"Now I do not at all know what I should have done in the young man's place. Something sensible, I hope. What the youth did I know I should not have done. You see that his behavior was out of the common. He stooped down, picked up his cigar, found it ruined, put it in the spittoon, got a fresh one out of his pocket, found a match in his waistcoat, slid it along the seat of his nice breeches, lighted the new cigar, and settled himself once more in his chair, without a word of protest, or an attempt at resentment. The proprietor saw him do it all, and told about it afterward.

"The citizen took the second cigar, smash! like the first. Perhaps he went a trifle nearer the youth's lip.

"What were the card players in the back room doing at all this noise? They all lay flat on the floor like the well-trained, indigenous people that

they were, minding their own business. For there was no rear exit.

"The youth felt in his waistcoat pocket, but brought no match from it. So he rose with still another fresh cigar in his hand and walked to the bar.

"I'll have to ask you for a match," he said to the proprietor, who at once accommodated him.

"Once again he slid the match beneath his coat-tails, and bringing up his own six-shooter, shot the citizen as instantly dead as that can be done."—Owen Wister in Everybody's Magazine.

WHAT HIS FRIEND WANTED.

H. W. Lanier, in The World's Work says:

An old friend of Mr. Carnegie's who kept his fast trotters and held the record, was beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would reestablish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already been past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman, wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer and said:

"Look here, stranger—you've shown me 'have beens', and you've let me see your 'going to-be's', but what I am here for is an 'iser'."

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

AND THE REPORTER.

Lindsay Denison, in the same journal says:

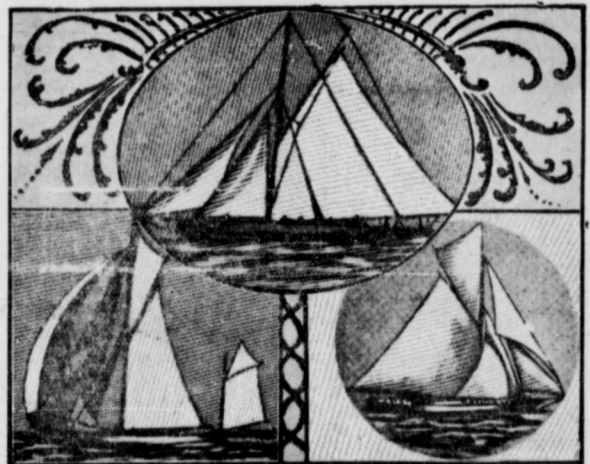
Not long ago a young man was sent by his employer to Mr. Morgan to make a verbal inquiry. When he entered the big counting-room he saw that Mr. Morgan was not at his desk. He asked the nearest clerk where he was. The clerk pointed to a distant door. The young man went at once into the room, and there he saw Mr. Morgan in an armchair before a snapping wood fire. There were many clerks in the room working over ledgers and sheets of figures. He congratulated himself that he had found the banker at leisure. The banker seemed to be tracing a curved line on the arm of the chair. He held his finger at the end of the line as one marks the place in a book, when he is interrupted, and he looked up and asked gruffly:

"How did you get in here?"

"I—I—I walked in, sir," stammered the young man. He could think of nothing else to say.

"Walk out!" roared Mr. Morgan. Then he turned his attention again to the line on the arm of the chair.

THE FAMOUS FOREIGN YACHTS,



"Eelin," "Isolde," and "Queen Mab," which will shortly make a visit to this country.

The Mystery of South Mountain.

Written for The Sunday Chat

By F. HARRY ANSPACHER.

It happened on a warm day in August, 1895. The flowers were blooming and nothing disturbed the harmony of that summer day, save the chirping of crickets.

The town, or rather city, of Craigsmore, nestling in among the Chesterfield Hills, of New Hampshire, was at the time the story opens, quite large. It was both city and country. The business or city part stopped quite abruptly, then the country commenced. Far away as the eye could reach were green meadows, with quiet running brooks, in which the gentle cows could be seen standing up to their knees. In some of the fields the hay was stacked up, filling the air with its sweet odor, and this, together with the lowing of the cows, gave indications of a typical country village.

A word must be said of the mountains. They stretched around, almost encircling the little town. Nearly every day brought a change in their color, sometimes blue, sometimes gray, they served as an indication of the weather. Sometimes, may often, they were hid from sight by the lowering clouds, which sprang up so suddenly, and gave those terrific down-pours of rain for which that region was noted. But is to one, or rather two, of these mountains to which we must give our attention.

They are detached from the rest of the range, standing side by side, like grim sentinels, guarding the approach to the city from the south. So closely do they stand together that at first sight they seem like one mountain. Ah! how distinctly do I remember visiting that quiet city one summer, glad to get away from the worry and toil of the great metropolis. And then how glad I was to take a long walk to those two mountains which attracted my attention at once, where I found—but that is the purpose of the story.

In a small but prettily built cottage about two miles from the two mountains, which, by the way, were called Upper and Lower South Mountain, dwelt honest John Marlen. For over thirty years he had lived in that humble dwelling and was contented. At first, when he came, Craigsmore was but a straggling village. He had maintained himself and his wife by farming, but as he was growing old, he had been compelled to cease his labors, and the task of supporting the family fell upon his only son, Will. His father had given him an excellent education, and the young man had decided to become a lawyer. When he had passed his bar examination, he rented a small office in New York, and after patient waiting, had a thriving practice.

After a very busy winter in New York, Will had written his parents that he would be home for a vacation and spend about three weeks with them. So, in the latter part of August, he left the city.

As the train drew up at Craigsmore Station, there was John waiting for Will with the rig. The old man had come to the station an hour before so as to make sure not to miss the train. My! how his eye lighted up as he saw his "baby" descend from the train, satchel in hand. After a hearty greeting, Will jumped into the wagon and they drove off.

That night as they were, all sitting on the front porch Will said: "Father, I believe I'll take a walk over to South Mountain tomorrow. Do you remember how I used to love that place? There isn't any hook or cave or den that I don't know."

"Wal," said old John, "ye be old enough to take keer o' yourself, but I heerd yesterday forenoon that sev'ral young fellers went over t'ar fer a couple o' days' campin'. They be gone nigh on three weeks, and nary a word has anyone o' us heerd tell on 'em. Their folk begun ter git mighty skeery and begua ter carry on so thet a couple o' the fellers sez, 'Let's git up a sarchin' party.' Sure 'nough they do, but it haint done one bit o' good. The party came back yesterday. They said they came across their camp, but the boys were clean gone. A trunk with their spare clothin', and all their cookin' material, pots, pans, and the like, were there. Thet proves thet they haint gone campin' elsewhere. They jist disappeared. The party hunted all over fer them, but all was in vain. Thar's some-

thin' mighty mysterious about it. Nary a soul will go near the mountain. They reckon it's haunted."

After this somewhat lengthy speech, the old man cleared his throat and settled back in his chair.

Will was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "Father, that theory about the mountain being haunted is all bosh. I suppose the young fellows got tired and moved. There are lots of little caves where they can camp, and where no one can find them."

"Mebbe, mebbe, Will," said his father, with the air of a man who has made up his mind, and whose opinion cannot be shaken, "but it looks mighty queer fer all thet. Why should they go off an' leave all their things thar?"

"Of course, I cannot say why they did that," said Will, a little petulantly. "I suppose they didn't want to be encumbered with any extra baggage."

"Wal, I shouldn't like fer you to go," said the old man, driven to his last stronghold.

"Very well," was the reply, and there the subject was dropped. It was not referred to by either father or son for several days. One morning Will said, "Has anything been heard of those fellows, father?"

"Not a word."

"Well, I think I'll run up the mountain to-morrow," said Will.

"In course, Will, ye kin go if you've really set yer mind ter it, 'cause I wouldn't interfere with yer amusement fer the world. Ye come up here to enjoy yerself, so go ahead."

"I don't think I shall stay more than two days this time; I trust my cave where I kept all my cooking utensils has not been molested."

"I guess it hain't, 'cause it's a sticky place ter find. Ye took me thar once, but I'll be darned if I would be able ter find th' place again."

Will lingered only long enough to pack up a little spare clothing, get his gun and a brace of revolvers, and then was off.

It would be well to follow and give an account of those three young men who had created such a furor in the little town of Craigsmore.

They were Ed. Relsome, Howard Kepler and Tom Moore. They lived close together in the lower part of the town, where it was the habit of thieves and vagabonds to gather. Though born of respectable parents, they had gradually drifted into a life of crime, and now behold them, at the age of twenty-one, full-fledged burglars and marauders, and recognized by many a law-breaker as his superiors.

There had been a conference among the worthy trio the night before they went to South Mountain, behind closed doors and shutters. By the stealthy manner in which each crept to the rendezvous, one would imagine that some underhand business was occupying their minds.

"Pals," said Ed. Relsome, when they were together, "while I was walking along Stone Street yesterday morning, I noticed a large and handsome residence situated on the left-hand side of the street. Seeing a passer-by approaching, I asked him, with the manner of a stranger seeking information, whelived there. He told me that a rich fellow by the name of Fenton occupied the house. You know, pals, that our trade gives us sharp eyes, and enables us to see many things at a glance. Well, after what I had heard, I took one glance at the outside of the building and took in all its points, both weak and strong. The first thing that caught my eye was a cellar window, which, on closer observation, I saw to be without protecting bars, or anything of the kind. These little windows just large enough to admit a man, run all around the house. Now, my plan is this: That the three of us should, on some dark night, be walking over past the house—accidentally, of course—"

"Rather accidentally, on purpose," observed Kepler, dryly.

"Yes," answered Relsome, "but to continue. One can stand guard on the outside, while the other two enter by one of the cellar windows. We can then go through the house very easily. Last night I returned to the spot and by watching the lights in the different rooms, I discovered where the stairways are, and have, all in all, a pretty fair

idea of the interior of the house."

"By George!" exclaimed Tom Moore, when Relsome had finished. "By George! that seems too good to be true. But do you know if there is anything worth while in the house?"

"Yes," answered Relsome. "There is a new electric plant, which is building near Fenton's house, and of which Fenton has the building contract. Day before yesterday he received an immense sum in the house, which is to be used as pay for the workmen. Now, don't you think that money will look better in our pockets than in their's?"

"Well I should guess," exclaimed the rest in a breath.

"But another thing. How about the occupants?" suggested Moore.

"Don't let that worry you," answered Relsome. "There are the old man and his wife, one son about eighteen years old, and one grown-up daughter, also three female servants who inhabit the garret, and are therefore out of our way."

"Well, count me in," said Kepler.

"Here too," chimed in Moore.

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," exclaimed Relsome, taking each by the hand. "With three inseparables like Kepler, Moore and myself, nothing can fail. But there is one thing more I want to say: Let the three of us go over to South Mountain and camp for about a week. Then from there we can get to the house and attend to that affair of ours, and get back to the mountain again, so that if people do connect us with the robbery, which I don't believe they will, we can show that we were away from home at the time. Let's go over to the mountain tomorrow. What do you think of it?"

The other two agreed to the plan and the meeting broke up.

Will Marlen had passed his first night on the mountain admirably. It seemed so natural for him to curl up in his cave and fall asleep, just as he had done years ago. So we find him up bright and early, looking for game for breakfast.

While on the hunt, he stopped every now and then to gaze at the little village of Craigsmore stretching along far below him. The early mountain air was very clear, and by the aid of his field glass, he could even pick out his father's little house, nestling in among the clustered dwellings. While looking for familiar landmarks in the village, his eye rested on the market square, and there he saw an unusual sight—

Crowds of excited men were walking up and down hurriedly, or brandishing weapons, while all were gestulating violently. Suddenly the sound of an alarm bell came faintly to his ears. Then he knew that something out of the way was the matter. So, forgetting all about the breakfast which he had not yet eaten, he started at breakneck speed down the side of the mountain. At the foot he was fortunate enough to find a farmer's wagon going towards the town, a circumstance of which he took advantage. They were going along at a pretty good rate, and were just about to enter the town, when they were greeted with the cry, "Halt! and come down off that wagon!" Both were surprised and somewhat taken aback when they saw themselves confronted by an armed man. Will was very much relieved to find him an acquaintance, and jumped off the rig.

"Why, Tom, what is this for?"

"Hello, Marlen; is that you? Didn't you hear the news?"

"No; I was over the mountain last night. What happened?"

"Tell me, who is that old guy that came with you?" asked the armed man, without heeding the question.

"Oh, he's some farmer from Lebanon. But what happened?" asked Will impatiently.

"Can't tell you while I'm on duty, because I'll have to take your companion to the lock-up as a suspicious character. It's a lucky thing for you that I know you, or you'd have the pleasure of accompanying me."

Will, whose curiosity had been worked up to the highest pitch, started on a run for his father's house. The old man was just coming out when Will came through the door like a tornado. The result was that Marlen senior was struck with an irrepressible desire to make the acquaintance of the floor. No bones were broken, however, and after Mrs. Marlen had gone off into a series of fainting fits, tranquility descended upon the household.

"Why, dad, what happened here last night?" asked cause of all the mischief, as soon as he had recovered his breath. "Wal, you see, this is what happened." But instead of listening to the old man with his rustic English, we will tell the story in our own words.

(Continued in next Sunday's issue.)

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.

Each day has its mercy and should render praise. Fresh are the dews of each morning, and equally fresh are its blessings.

If you want to make friends, interest yourselves in the affairs of others; do not try to interest them in yours.

WALDORF BABY

STOLEN FROM ITS MOTHER, IS STILL MISSING.



The Waldorf-Astoria, New York's most exclusive hotel, has a kidnapping mystery. Mrs. Jennie Hodge, wife of the assistant traffic manager of the Standard Oil Co., was robbed of her little five-year-old daughter Ginda while taking tea in the Waldorf tea room. She suspects Richard Maxwell, her former husband, of the deed. The child is still missing.

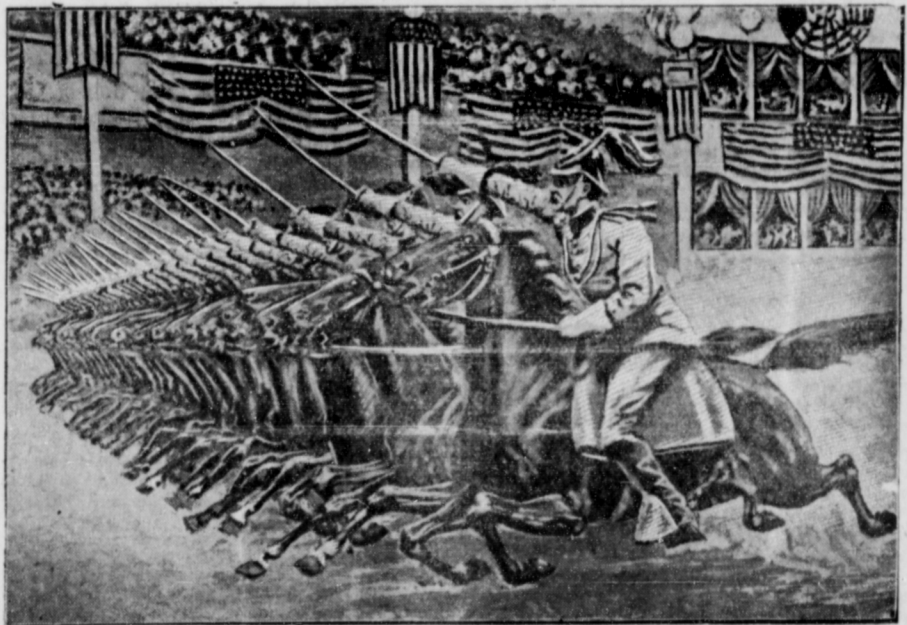
A SUNDAY THOUGHT.

"Our lives are just what we make them." How often do we hear that expression? Yet how much attention do we give it? It is, however, very true. Just what we give the world just that do we receive. Look for sunshine and happiness—aim to scatter it with a free hand and it is yours. Give every one a pleasant smile, a kind word and the same will be given you. However look at the world through blue goggles and everything is blue, dark and dreary. Man, though can't, or won't, learn that as he "sows so shall he reap;" that this world is one great, big mirror and simply shows us our own reflections and that to be happy and make others happy he must be the personification of good nature. Many a man has started to his work in the morning feeling at outs with everything and everybody—all downcast, but on the way has had it all dissipated by a bright, cheery smile and a merry "good morning" from some friend. He should take the smile and pass it on, appreciating how it "boosted" him up, but somehow he never realizes this. To be happy you must radiate happiness. Try it.

There'll be a family spat
If they don't get The Chat.

HOW THE BOYS IN BLUE RIDE AND FIGHT FOR UNCLE SAM

Dashing Charge of Cavalry at the National Tournaments Which are Held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Every Year.



The Military Tournament annually held at Madison Square Garden, New York, attracts the attention of military men, regular and militia, in all parts of the country. There are exhibited the latest improvements in equipment, drill and arms, and each year the cavalry, especially of the regular army, wins fresh admiration for their daring and skilful horsemanship and their dashing soldierly bearing.

THE ST. JOSEPH MYSTERY.

The indictment of Mrs. Addie Richardson by the grand jury on the charge of murdering her husband, Frank Richardson, has served to stir anew interest in this mysterious case. The time for the trial is now not far away and throughout the county the probable verdict of the jury is the chief topic of discussion. On this point there is a divergence of opinion, the friends of Mrs. Richardson stoutly defending her from the charge made against her. Mrs. Richardson herself remains confident of her acquittal. "I welcome this opportunity to prove my innocence," she said to a friend the other day. "Ever since the death of my husband I have been compelled to listen to veiled allusions to my guilt, and now a chance is offered to end them forever. I am innocent and I have no fear that the jury will find otherwise."

In less than one hour after Richardson was known to be dead at his home on Christian Ridge, the night before Christmas, it was confidently asserted that he had committed suicide. Mrs. Addie L. Richardson, the widow of the dead merchant, was the first to create the impression that he had killed himself. A search was made for the revolver with which Richardson was supposed to have shot himself, and it was not found. Richardson did not own a revolver. The death wound was in the back of the neck.

There was no indication of powder burns.

When they began the investigation of the case the grand jurors first took up the relations that had existed for some time between Richardson and his

only a few days when Richardson was killed.

The evidence against George B. Crowley, as gathered by the officers at work on the case and by a detective employed to assist them, is held to show that he was a frequent visitor at the Richardson house, going there Crowley himself is worth about \$300,000, the greater part of it being represented by real estate.

have been the cause of the quarrel between husband and wife.

Stewart Fife has been suspected of the murder. Fife has been questioned about his whereabouts on the night of the murder, and he said he went to the rooms of the Owl club early in the evening and fell asleep there. He declared that he awoke an hour after the time the murder was committed. Fife relied on the testimony of Samuel Wal-



Taken in connection with the statement of Bessie Phyllis, the servant girl at Richardson's, who says Crowley was a frequent visitor at the Richardson house, the evidence against frequently when Richardson was not at home.

Crowley lives a mile from town, on a large farm, and has a wife and one child. He owns a great deal of property in Savannah and in the country near the town. His father is one of the wealthiest farmers in the state, and Crowley is regarded by many of the townspeople as pointing him out to

den, the negro janitor at the rooms of the Owl club, to prove that he was there at the time. Other witnesses say they saw him on the street at the time he says he was asleep in the rooms of the Owl club.

Fife owned a revolver, and is said to have flourished it in the saloon of E. E. Norris in St. Joseph, remarking at the same time that he intended to kill Richardson. He showed letters to a woman in St. Joseph and said they had been written to him by Mrs. Richardson. The letters were sensational and were signed by the name of "Adie."



wife. There was evidence that their domestic relations had been strained. In fact, they had practically separated a short time before the murder and Mrs. Richardson went to the home of her parents at San Antonio, Tex. She remained there several weeks, when there was a reconciliation and she returned home. She had been at home

Inefficient English Labor.

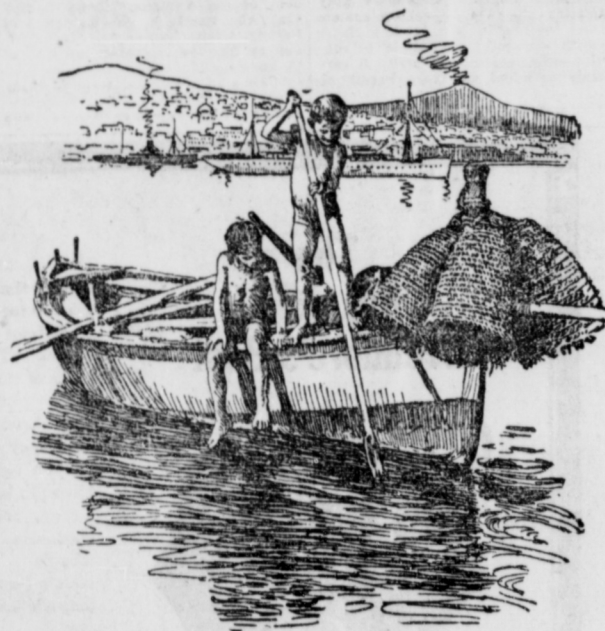
An English architect, writing in the Nineteenth Century, traces the threatened commercial decline of England to the harmful domination of the labor unions. While these organizations are steadily forcing up wages, they are at the same time cutting down the actual working hours until these are now said to average little more than four hours of honest work each day.

Union men in the building trades in England are expected to work fifty hours a week in summer and forty-seven in winter, thus making an average of about eight hours a day. But when they are paid at noon on Saturday many of them are not seen again on the building until the following Tuesday, by which time they have spent all their wages. Their absence throws the contractor into serious trouble, but he cannot put new men in their places. This is only one of many ways in which the unions are said to delay the work and make it expensive.

The Anthracite Situation.

Matters in the Pennsylvania coal region seem to be drifting toward another deadlock between the miners and the employers. The owners recently announced their determination to maintain the present wage scale and to settle all differences individually with the employees. In accordance with this line of action they have remained away from the Hazleton conference, at which they were expected to meet the union miners and discuss a new wage scale for the coming year. Their absence is resented by the miners, and the 690 delegates in the convention have passed resolutions authorizing President Mitchell and the executive committee to try to secure a joint conference with the operators before April 1. If they fail to secure such conference they are authorized, if necessary, to "resort to a suspension of work."

Water Rats in Naples, Italy.



In this picture are shown two of the water rats of Naples. They are only harmless boys who have been brought up close to the water. These boys can swim like so many rats and are as hard to catch by the police as are our boys who live along the wharves. These boys of Naples make a living by diving for pennies. When the big ocean steamers come to Italy from America the water rats surround the boats and cry, "Penny, penny in the

water, please. Hurry up, please," and few can resist their pleadings. So over goes a penny and into the water all the water rats dive at once, and soon up comes the lucky one with it in his mouth. Then it is "Penny, please," again until the ship leaves port. These boys are mostly fishermen's sons.

An animal heretofore unknown, resembling both the horse and zebra, has been discovered in the Congo forests.

NORSELS of WIT & HUMOR

CURE FOR HYSTERIA.

At a doctors' meeting lately a young physician brought up for discussion a case of hysteria which had baffled his skill. The patient had gone through her course of imitating a half-dozen diseases, and at last had taken to her bed, where she had lain already a month. Could it be cured? If so, how?

After a significant quiet and exchange of glances, one of the old doctors spoke: "Yes, hysteria is a baffling disease. During the century just closed I don't see that we have made much progress in methods of cure beyond those once practiced. In the treatment one has still to be thrown much upon his own resources. My grandmother used to tell us a story of Dr. S— of M—, who flourished well-nigh a century ago; a rugged man, who, in winter, went about in a heavy great coat, a big fur cap and thick cowhide boots. Probably his widespread reputation protected him in the exercise of Abernethy manners. Well, he had a case like this that Dr. X— has presented; a lady, who, without warrant, had taken at last to her bed, and who lay there despite the doctor, till one day, in a January thaw, he entered the 'sick room,' coated, capped and booted, dripping and muddy. A number of sympathizers were gathered around the bed where the patient lay on the side opposite to that on which the physician stood, leaving a space on the mattress between her and him. Her reception was of the kind which most the medical practitioner abhors:

"You are doing me no good, doctor."

"Please, madam, rise and sit in that chair," he said, indicating the chair that stood on her side of the bed.

"Get up!" she shrieked.

"Yes, madam."

"Would you kill me?"

"No; only get up."

"I can't."

"Try."

"I won't."

"Well, if you won't get out of bed I'll get in." At the word he pulled down the quilts and jumped in. With a scream she leaped out, cured.

The inexperienced young doctor rose and disappeared from the room. In the course of an hour or more he returned with a black eye and a swollen mouth, but gay to a degree of hilarity as he recounted his story of a successful treatment of the old-time doctor's prescription.

"I jumped into bed, coat, cap and boots," he cried, "and she jumped out and walked."

"But what's the matter with your face?" asked the narrator of the grandmother's tale.

"O, my face! I meant to speak of that. Her husband came in."—New York Evening Sun.

WHAT MRS. B. SAID.

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said the mistress to her newly-engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for lunch, and it, or something else, has brought on a severe headache. I'm going to lie down."

A few minutes later the mistress, from her room near the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who had called for the first time, "Yes'm, Mrs. Browne is at home, but she ate so much pudding for lunch she had to go to bed."—Tit-Bits.

SPREADING EASTWARD.



Proprietor—Look here, friend, you've got to brace up. That's the second whisky glass you've smashed in an hour.

Bumhard Tippling—I'm Mrs. Helen Darnashun, th' s'loon wrecker from Kansas.

"HIS WIFE, INDEED!"

"I always hate," said the lady who was twirling her gold-bowed glasses, "to hear a man refer to the lady whom he has wooed and won as 'my wife.' The man who says 'my wife did this' or 'my wife has gone there' or 'my wife likes so-and-so' has not a proper realization of the lady's im-

portance or the position she should occupy in his household.

"My wife! Indeed! Pout! In the next breath he speaks of 'my horse' or 'my dog.' I'd like to have such a man for a husband for a little while, I think I could teach him a few lessons that would be good for him."

"When a man has occasion to refer to the lady who lowered herself by accepting his ring at the altar he should speak of her as 'Mrs. Smith' or 'Mrs. Jones,' as the case may be. I'd like to hear my husband mention me as his wife! I think he would limit himself to just that once!"

"And yet," said the little lady with the soft hazel eyes and the rather timid manner. "It seems to me that a man might do worse than speak of her as 'his wife.' When your husband was over at our house night before last, Mrs. Frithington, he and my husband played parlor golf, and I happened to be in an adjoining room for a few minutes, where I could overhear their conversation."

"I thought it sounded awfully nice when Henry spoke of me as 'his wife.' It just made my heart leap every time I heard the words come from his lips."

"Well, of course, some women are so constituted that they prefer to be regarded as inferior beings, and where a case of that kind exists it may be just as well that the husband does take it for granted that he is her proprietor. But you didn't hear John Frithington refer to me as 'his wife,' I'll venture. I think I have succeeded in teaching him to know his place a little too well for that!"

"No; when he spoke of you he merely called you 'the old girl.'"

Some of John Frithington's friends seem to think that his wild, haunted look is of late more in evidence than usual.—Stray Stories.

IT SEEMS SO.



"What's the danger sign for?" "So cranks can see how near they can go without breaking through."

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

Friend—"Why don't you marry?" Goodfellow—"Can't." "You have a fine house?" "Yes." "And a good income?" "Yes." "Then what's the matter?" "My housekeeper and her servants have formed a union, and if I marry outside of their union they'll strike."

SMALLER SMILES.

Reads Wan.

The two mad bulls had blundered into a narrow alleyway. Before them were several policemen; behind them a surging mob.

"What way shall we go?" inquired one.

"It's pretty hard to decide," replied the other. "Let's toss a copper."

Accordingly they tossed one and got ahead, the others turning tail.—Philadelphia Press.

Bashful Biddy.

Bashful lover (timidly)—Did yer iver think av marryin', Biddy? Biddy (coolly)—Shure, now, th' subject has niver entered me thoughts. Bashful lover (turning away)—It's sorry Oi am. Biddy (hastily)—Wan minnit, Pat. Ye've set me t'thinkin'.—Harper's Bazar.

Well Satisfied.

Bluffers—"Buncom is a self-made man, isn't he?" Wiffers—"Yes. What made you think so?" Bluffers—"He seems to be so well satisfied with the job."

A Profession for Him.

Fond Mother (of delicate dude)—"I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise?" Old Gent (reflectively)—"He might do nicely as a typewriter girl."

It might be a good idea to reverse things, and instead of teaching young naval cadets how to dance and how to box let them learn how to box the compass and fight behind a gun.

Dogs can't talk, but you always know what they mean. Some folk are different.



Two Big Pains

seem to be the heritage of the human family everywhere, viz:

Rheumatism
and
Neuralgia

but there is one sure and prompt cure for both, viz:

St. Jacobs Oil

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FIRST STEAMBOAT.

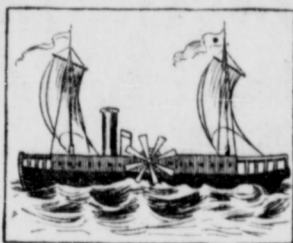
ORIGINAL TRIUMPH IN NAVIGATING BY STEAM.

Fulton's Clermont a Cruise Affair Compared with a Modern Vessel—Story of the Inventor's Struggles and Hopes—Great Strides in Shipbuilding.

(Special Letter.)

The triumph of steam navigation is one of the wonders of science and traversed in all directions as the navigable waters of the earth now are, by vessels propelled by steam, it is not a little curious to look at the first rude effort and to examine the attempt which was followed by such extraordinary success.

The world stands indebted for the successful application of steam power to navigation to Robert Fulton, who was born in Pennsylvania, in 1765, the son of an Irish laborer, who had emigrated to this country. In 1803 Fulton made an experiment while in France of propelling a vessel by mechanism and soon afterward placed an order in England for the building of a steam engine, to be delivered subsequently in New York. In 1806 Fulton, having returned to the United States, set about building a boat, and having received the engine he had ordered he successfully started the first steamboat in the world on her trial trip to Albany from New York in August, 1807. The vessel was named the Clermont and was 13 feet long, seven feet in depth, and eighteen feet in breadth. The great strides taken in steam shipbuilding since then may



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

be inferred by a look at the accompanying illustration of the first steamboat, the Clermont.

The Wonders of Peat.

Herr Zschornor of Vienna, has been experimenting with peat for twelve years and has shown very conclusively that it has many astonishing qualities. In Ireland in particular, this intelligence should be welcomed. A building has been exhibited, in which everything from the carpets on the floor to the curtains on the windows and the paper on the walls, was made from peat. The fibres of the remains of the reeds and grasses of which peat is composed have, of course, their original physical and chemical characters changed, but the fibrous structure remains intact, and the fibres themselves are very durable, elastic and non-conductors of heat. Fabrics woven from them are found to have the toughness of linen with the warmth of wool. There is no textile fabric that cannot be woven from these fibres. Blankets and other coverings used for horses and cattle have been found in use to excel in warmth and cleanliness. Paper of several qualities has been made, and the uses to which peat fibre has already been applied indicates possibilities that may render the peat bogs of Ireland a valuable addition to the resources of that country.—London Leisure Hour.

Didn't Stop the Train.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading, Victoria, Nana and the present Geronimo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of the best bucks, came through to Green River, Wyo. They heard of the "heap wagon and no boss" and had come to stop the train. They made a lasso of rawhide and nifty men on each side held on to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engine driver saw, when several miles away, what the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes," and opening his throttle let her loose. The cowcatcher struck the rope and hurled the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless and legless. The three chiefs went south to their cactus plants much crestfallen.

A Balloon's Fast Trip.

It seems incredible, yet it is a fact, that in Germany a few days ago a balloon traveled 100 miles in seventy-five minutes. The balloon was sent out from Strasburg by Prof. Hergesell, equipped with various instruments. On its arrival at Hiberach, one of the instruments, a barometer combined with a thermometer, showed that the balloon had attained a height of 7,000 meters, and another indicated that the lowest temperature which it had met was twenty-five degrees Reaumur. The balloon was made of varnished paper and was filled with coal gas. A basket hung from it, and in order to shield the sensitive instruments from the rays of the sun it was covered with silver paper.

THOUSANDS OF FAIR WOMEN HERALD PRAISES FOR PERUNA.

Catarrhal Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration Make Invalids of More Women Than All Other Diseases Combined.

Peruna is the woman's friend everywhere. It is safe to say that no woman ever used Peruna for any catarrhal derangement but what it became indispensable in her household.

Letters From Women.

Every day we receive letters from women like the following. Women who have tried doctors and failed; women who have tried Peruna and were cured.

Miss Katie Klein, 6125 Bartmer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna has done me more good for catarrh than the best doctors could. I had catarrh so bad, but after taking Peruna it is entirely gone, and I feel like a different person."

Miss Anna Prescott's Letter.

Miss Anna Prescott, in a letter from 216 South Seventh street, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"I am sincerely grateful for the relief I have found from the use of Peruna. I was completely used up last fall, my appetite had failed and I felt weak and tired all the time. My druggist advised me to try Peruna and the relief I experienced after taking one bottle was truly wonderful."

"I continued its use for five weeks, and am glad to say that my complete restoration to health was a happy surprise to myself as well as to my friends."—Anna Prescott.

A constant drain of nervous vitality depleting the whole nervous system causes the mucous membrane surfaces to suffer accordingly. This is the condition called systemic catarrh. It very nearly resembles, and there is really no practical difference, between this condition and the condition known as neurasthenia, or nervous prostration.

Peruna a True Friend to Women.

Mrs. F. J. Lynch, writes the following from 324 S. Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich.: "The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—I earnestly recommend Peruna to any suffering woman, as it cures quickly. Last year I had a most persistent cough which nothing seemed to cure. Two bottles of Peruna did more for me than all the doctors seemed to do. In a couple of weeks I found myself in excellent health, and have been enjoying it ever since. Hence I look on Peruna as a true friend to women."—Mrs. F. J. Lynch.

Peruna is equally efficacious in curing catarrh of the throat as in curing systemic catarrh or catarrh of the stomach. Catarrh is essentially the same wherever located. Peruna cures catarrh.

Peruna Makes You Feel Like a New Person.

Miss Mary Coats, a popular young woman of Appleton, Wis., and president of the Appleton Young Ladies' Club, also speaks in glowing terms of Peruna. A letter recently received from her by The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, reads as follows:

"I am glad to call the attention of my friends to Peruna. When that languid, tired feeling comes over you, and

your food no longer tastes good, and small annoyances irritate you, Peruna will make you feel like another person inside of a week.

"I have now used it for three seasons, and find it very valuable and efficacious."—Miss Marie Coats.

Diseased nerves are traceable directly to poor digestion, and poor digestion is directly traceable to catarrh. With the slightest catarrh of the stomach no one can have good digestion.

Very few of the many women who have catarrh of the stomach suspect what their real trouble is. They know they belch after meals, have sour stomach, a sensation of weight or heaviness, a fullness, irregular appetite, drowsiness, gnawing, empty sensations, occasional pain—they all know this; but they do not know that their trouble is catarrh of the stomach. If they did they would take Peruna.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. As soon as Peruna removes catarrh from the stomach the digestion becomes good, appetite regular, nerves strong, and trouble vanishes. Peruna strengthens weak nerves, not by temporarily stimulating them, but by removing the cause of weak nerves—poor digestion. This is the only cure that lasts. Remove the cause; Nature will do the rest. Peruna removes the cause.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

The Makers of Wetmore's Best

CHEW Wetmore's Best

believe that the most men chew tobacco for the good of the tobacco and not for the sake of a premium. They are putting the value of the premiums all in the quality of the tobacco. The man who chews Wetmore's Best gets his money's worth in good tobacco. He notices the difference in flavor; in lasting quality; in satisfaction, and finds that all this goodness costs him less than cheap tobacco. Try a piece of Wetmore's Best and satisfy yourself that it's "all in the quality."

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Indian Reservations and Other New Districts to Be Opened Up This Year.

In the Great Saskatchewan Valley and the Fertile Plains of Assinibola.

To the Editor, Dear Sir: The past three or four years have demonstrated to a large number of Americans the value of the grain-growing and ranching lands of Western Canada. Tens of thousands have taken advantage of the offer made by the Canadian government as well as of the exceedingly low prices asked for lands by the railway, colonization and other companies. The experience of those who have been settled there for some little time is of a highly gratifying character. So much so that the Canadian government, who has control of the immigration into Western Canada, has decided to open up some new districts this year in the well known Saskatchewan Valley and also in the fertile plains of Assinibola. These Districts are probably the most productive in the entire West and in close touch to largely settled communities as well as being situated on some of the most important lines of railway. They are within easy reach of markets, schools, churches and other social advantages. In some of these districts lands may be homesteaded as well as purchased outright at very low prices. Now as to what can be done on these lands. The evidence of the settlers in the neighborhood of the lands now about to be opened for settlement (some of them being located in one of the best Indian Reservations) goes to show that the very best results have followed even most indifferent methods. Cases are given where farmers having gone there with most limited means, barely enough to erect a small house and break up a little land, have in three or four years time become prosperous, all debts paid and money in the bank. The soil in the Districts mentioned, Assinibola and Saskatchewan, is a rich black loam, fifteen inches to three feet deep. As a settler says, "It appears like the accumulation of decayed vegetation and ashes for centuries (the sub-soil is a stiff, putty clay)." On this soil it is possible to raise from 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, oats 75 to 100 bushels, all of which bring good prices at the local market. For mixed farming these new districts are probably among the best in Western Canada. Stock fatten easily on the wild grasses. Hay is plentiful, and prices splendid. Another settler writing to a friend in Iowa says: "The climate is all that could be desired, plenty of rainfall in summer, with no hot, dry winds. On the 28th of September I saw prairie flowers in full bloom, sweet corn, potato and tomato vines that had not been touched a particle with frost, and the winters are milder than those in the State from which I came. After the holidays the winter sets in clear and cold, with plenty of snow for good sleighing; no high winds or blizzards are known. Horses live out all winter and pick their own living, while cattle live all winter in open sheds and around the hay ricks. Wheat, oats and barley are the principal grain crops. Potatoes and all other roots and vegetables do well, the yield being enormous as compared to those in the States. Wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, gooseberries and all varieties of currants yield in abundance. As a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, I feel that I should inform you of the progress and advancement being made in Canada within the past few years, and the inducements and advantages that will follow settlement in Western Canada. Those who desire information can do as I did, and apply to any Agent of the Canadian Government, whose name I see appears in advertisements appearing elsewhere in the columns of your paper, and when writing ask particularly about the Saskatchewan Valley or Assinibola Districts.

Yours truly,
Old Reader."

Terrible Indeed.

The inhabitants of Bischofsburg, in Prussia, had never seen a ballet until recently when a traveling company introduced one. As soon as the dancers appeared on the stage all the women in the audience left the house.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Wise men of ancient times were probably no wiser than other men, but they talked less.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti after each meal.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law

To a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw.

Coarse wit is not keen because it falls on dull ears.

WOMEN MUST SLEEP.

Avoid Nervous Prostration.

If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well. Friends ask, "what is the cause?" and the answer comes in pitying tones, nervous prostration. It came upon you so quietly in the beginning, that you were not alarmed, and when sleep deserted you night after night until your eyes fairly burned in the darkness, then you tossed in nervous agony praying for sleep.



Mrs. A. Hartley.

You ought to have known that when you ceased to be regular in your courses, and you grew irritable without cause, that there was serious trouble somewhere.

You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with affliction, and you cannot sleep.

Mrs. Hartley, of 231 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we publish, suffered all these agonies, and was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the unfailing efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Below the Ocean Level.

The most continental region on the globe—farthest removed from an ocean—lies in central Asia, south of Tsian-Shan. It lies below the level of the ocean, and the Russian government has established a meteorological station there.

In the Spring, take Garfield Tea. This wonderful Herb Medicine purifies the blood and gives new and vigorous life to systems depleted by the trying winter season.

Sampson of Bible fame lost his strength because he confided to Delilah that it was in his hair; Sampson of Santiago Bay infamy lost his because he wrote a letter. In the first case scissors caused the downfall; in the last case a pen did the job.

Don't Do Unnecessary Work

Use the great labor-saver, Maple City Self Washing Soap. All grocers sell it.

A Keen Retort.

Cardinal Manning's keen wit was often used to drive home a moral warning. "What are you going to do in life?" he asked a flippant undergraduate at Oxford. "Oh, I'm going to take Holy Orders," was the airy reply. "Take care you get them, my son."

An Important Personage.

"Did you ever hear of St. Dunstan?" asked the man who was chewing his lead pencil. "St. Dunstan?" answered the friend. "Certainly. What was there so remarkable about him?" "What was there remarkable about St. Dunstan? Why, great Scott, man, don't you know that his name is the only thing in the English language that furnishes a rhyme for 'Funston'?"

Don't Injure Your Health

by scrubbing clothes all day. Use Maple City Self Washing Soap and make washing day easy. All grocers.

Sheep and Water.

"Do sheep drink?" is the question with which the Westminster Gazette has started the British silly season. It has aroused a bitter controversy, some writers standing up for the Psalmist's and Wordsworth's observations, while others try to prove that they know nothing about sheep.—New York Sun.

Coca's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Better than Diamonds.

In Germany crystals of silicon-carbide, called carborundum, which are practically as hard as the diamond, are employed instead of small diamonds for ruling fine lines on graduated scales. It is said that they produce lines more evenly drawn than those made by diamonds.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Remarkable Village.

In New Guinea, the village of Tupusei is most remarkable. The houses are all supported on spiles and stand out in the ocean a considerable distance from shore. This is to protect the villagers from the attacks of the dreaded head-hunters always looking out for victims. Other villages in this queer land are perched up in trees for the same reason.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 35 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Heat and Human Beings.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and because the perspiration cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

We thank you for trying Wizard Oil for rheumatism or neuralgia, then you will thank us. Ask your druggist.

Exposure: "Where are you rushing so fast?" "Up to the health office to get vaccinated." "Eh? Been exposed?" "Yep. Telephone girl this morning gave me the pest-house number by mistake!"

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES.

The multiplication table has no legs, but it gets there just the same.

Colorado's Treasurer.

The salary of the state treasurer of Colorado is \$6,000 a year and he enjoys the distinction, which treasurers don't usually get, of having a higher salary than the governor, the governor's salary in Colorado being \$5,000 a year.

If You Have Rheumatism

Send no money, but write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., box 141, for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, express paid. If cured pay \$5.50; if not it is free.

He wrote a quatrain on her eyebrow, A sonnet on her throat, And her father put a foot print On the fag-end of his coat.

Now that the winter season is past, it is well to cleanse the system and purify the blood with Garfield Tea—an Herb Medicine good for all.

In some cases, before marriage, love ascends the hilltop by a gradual incline; then alps down the toboggan on the other side.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Vest: You're in hard luck, Trainers! Trousers: A little bagged, forsooth, friend Vest, but gadzooks, my name is not yet pants!

The Best Laundry Soap.

is Maple City Self Washing Soap. Just try it and see. All grocers sell it.

Ambiguous: "My novel is on sale at last," exclaimed young Penner; "did you know it?" "Yes, indeed," replied the old curmudgeon, "and I assure you I lose no time in reading it."

UNDER THE SNOW.

Ghastly Truths Revealed on the Disappearance of Winter's White Mantle.

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground left bare by the departing snow. All winter long there have been accumulating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now, with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst. It is therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly ills.

Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb. There is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the spring months than at any other time of the year.

There is but one way to ward off such dangers, and that is to fortify the

Only One.

"I have only one request to make my dear," said Mr. Spiffins, who woke up and found his wife searching his pockets. "Well, what is it?" "Kindly leave me a nickel with which to pay my carfare into the city in the morning."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

"This," said the President, as he affixed his signature to the army appropriation bill, "is where I perform the Warwick act and make an emperor."

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Mrs. Bridie (soliloquizing, as she rescues cigarette picture from scrap basket): I wonder what George threw this away for? Oh! I see; it has clothes on.

I CURE FITS
FREE
A Full-Size \$1 Treatment of Dr. O. Phelps Brown's Cures, Remedy for Fits, Epilepsy and all Nervous Diseases. Address O. PHELPS BROWN, 25 Broadway, Newburgh, N. Y.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pitts cure Constipation. 50 pills 10c.

Bowels Don't Move?

Caused by over-work! Over-eating! Over-drinking! No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load after load is imposed until the intestines become clogged, refuse to act, worn out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be cured by CASCARETS Candy Cathartic. Not a mass of violent mercurial and mineral poison, but a pure vegetable compound that acts directly upon the diseased and worn out intestinal canal, making it strong, and gently stimulating the liver and kidneys; a candy tablet, pleasant to eat, easy and delightful in action. Don't accept a substitute for CASCARETS.

Cascarets
BEST FOR BOWELS AND LIVER.
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
10c.
25c. 50c.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.
DRUGGISTS

THIS IS THE TABLET

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith, and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go buy today, two 50c boxes, give them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied after using one 50c box, return the unused 50c box and the empty box to us by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ails you—start today. Health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASCARETS. Stock free by mail. Add: STEWART KERRY CO., New York or Chicago.

GUARANTEED TO CURE: all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice, start with CASCARETS today, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

"Of course, my dear George, if you wish very much to have these people here, they must be asked," said Lady Caroline, regarding her husband attentively through the handle of the tea-urn. The children had just left the room, so she thought it a good opportunity of finally learning his wishes on this subject without the intervention of Mildred's rather vehement opinions. "It is a dreadful nuisance," she said—"and I don't suppose they are the very nicest people in the world for the girls to know; but, if you see no way out of the difficulty, of course there is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing; it cannot be helped now at all events," Sir George returned, running his eyes ruefully over a letter which he held in his hand. "He was an old schoolfellow of mine, you know; and, when he expresses a wish to come and see me, what can I do but write and say how welcome he and his family will be?"

"Exactly so," assented Lady Caroline, "but it is a horrible bore for all that. And how they are to be amused is more than I can tell you. There is a son, is there not, and a daughter?"

"Yes, a son and a daughter. As to amusing them, the young gentleman will hunt, I suppose, and probably ruin one of my best hunters before he leaves; and the girl—oh, I should think she will do very well!" said Sir George, cavalierly. "Mildred will manage about that, and will get some fellows to meet her."

"How did he make his money?" Lady Caroline asked presently, and then began to think with dismay of what the whole countryside would say. It was eminently aristocratic, the countryside, and never had it as yet introduced within the sacred boundaries of its circle such a horror as a family polluted by trade.

"Cotton," answered Sir George briefly; and then indeed his wife felt that the cup of her affliction was full.

"If it only had been wine," she said, hopelessly. "I am sure I don't know what the Deverills will think; and of course the girl will be unbearable. Besides—with a sigh—"it will be such an additional expense."

"True," returned her husband, and the lines laid by care upon his face became more clearly defined; "but, as I said before, darling, it can not be helped, so we must only make the best of it."

But Lady Caroline could not "make the best of it" just then, and so went out of the room to consult with Mildred, of whose sympathy she was certain, the girl being more opposed to the coming of their visitors than even she could be.

Seven children had blessed the marriage of Sir George Trevanion and Lady Caroline. First, there was Charles, the heir, a great, tall, good-looking fellow, with a careless, sweet temper—"as like his father at that age," said his mother, "as ever a boy could be." He was about twenty-six at this time, and held a commission in a cavalry regiment. After him came Florence, who resembled nobody in particular, and had married during her first season—very desirably indeed—a Mr. Talbot, of very prepossessing appearance—when he had any expression in his face, which was seldom—and the owner of considerable property about twelve miles from King's Abbot.

It was always a great source of comfort to Lady Caroline's anxious mind that Florence had "got off" so well before Mildred was old enough to make her bow to the world. Had Harry Talbot dallied in his love-making for two years longer—as some young men are in the habit of doing—instead of coming to the point at once—like a much-to-be-applauded gentleman, as he was—Lady Caroline would not have answered for the consequences. Mildred, her father's darling, was so much more beautiful—such a slight, exquisite girl she appeared, with the darkest violet eyes and the most enviable golden hair imaginable.

And yet, in spite of all her beauty, she had not half the number of lovers her sister Mabel could count, who was barely eighteen, and not nearly so handsome, Mildred being cold and proud, and almost haughty in her manner to strangers. Pride of birth was the rock on which she stumbled. Any family without a pedigree, no matter how rich and how well received by society in general, was an abomination in her sight.

In between these two came Eddie, who was about nineteen at this time, a merry, reckless fellow, handsome as an Apollo, and the acknowledged pet amongst all the women in the county, far and near, old and young.

Eddie and Mabel were something like each other, both being much darker

than the rest of the family, who were rather Saxon in their general appearance. Mabel, or "Queen Mab," or "the queen," as she was indiscriminately called, on account of a little stately walk she had that contrasted funnily with her face and manner, which were gay in the extreme, had dark eyes of a soft hazel, and hair nut-brown to match. She was quite as tall as her sister, and, though by no means as beautiful, was pretty enough to create a sensation anywhere. At eighteen she was an incorrigible flirt, but amiable and sweet enough to prevent her from running into extremes, and causing uneasiness in the home circle.

For all that, however, calm Mildred was more the "hearth-angel" than she was. To her, as to their mother, came all the boys, with the numerous griefs and annoyances that usually beset a schoolboy's path. Charles was very fond of asking her advice, and Eddie believed most firmly in her wisdom, generally addressing her under the title of "Minerva." Her father and mother had few secrets from her, and even Florence, who was slightly self-sufficient and given to assert herself, at times, with astonishing boldness, had been known, on two or three occasions, to come all the way from Ryelands to ask Mildred's opinion upon certain subjects.

Mildred at home and Mildred abroad were very different persons. She was most capable of loving, but her unfortunate coldness of demeanor prevented this from being universally acknowledged. Only her own people knew her tender, loving heart, and returned her affection in kind.

There were two other boys, mere youngsters, named George and Ernest, who were at present undergoing the discipline of school in some distant shire.

Sir George had discovered, some years previously, that he was not as well up in this world's goods as a man had need to be with seven growing-up children. But at the time he had put the evil thought behind him, and considered it no more, until about a year back, when several circumstances had happened again to force it upon his memory. Debts somehow had begun to accumulate of late years, and now began to declare themselves with very disagreeable openness. The family lawyer shook his head solemnly; and Sir George in self-defense went home, and having sold two of his favorite hunters most disadvantageously, walked about his farm, doing gloomy penance, and was cross to his wife for the first time for a number of years.

But this state of things only lasted a very few days indeed, and at the end of that time, his third hunter having fallen lame, one of those disposed of was bought back again, at a very different price from that paid for it to Sir George, and presently the other followed suit; after which their master gave up the gloomy penance, to the great relief of the household at King's Abbot, who were considerably put out by it, and having kissed his wife, did not go round the farm for several days.

Lady Caroline of course soon discovered that they were in difficulties—indeed Sir George's face was incapable of concealing a secret—and these two women, in "mamma's" boudoir, discussing probabilities and improbabilities, and the selling of "papa's" hunters, until Mildred at length suggested that the annual visit to London should be given up—for this year at all events.

The Trevanions were determined also to follow up their lately begun economical designs by having a quiet autumn and winter at home, and had actually made up their minds, with Spartan heroism, not even to invite their usual number of friends for the hunting season at King's Abbot, when there reached them the unlucky letter from the Younges, saying how much the head of the family desired to see the friend of his boyhood—namely, Sir George.

This letter put a full stop to all their plans, and was looked upon as a brain-blow in more ways than one, as not only did it insure an expensive winter, but, what was worse, upon examination it was discovered that these friends of Sir George's youth were most disreputable in their antecedents, having been in trade. A cotton merchant! It sounded horrible! Cotton could not possibly mean anything but low birth, and low birth of course meant vulgarity.

Lady Caroline groaned in spirit, and thought dismally of what the Deverills and the Blounts and the Stanleys would say, finally going off to consult with her prime minister Mildred.

"It is all over," she began; "they must be asked."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Miss Trevanion. "It is perfectly indecent—their asking themselves here. But what can one expect from such people? Good gracious, mamma, fancy a cotton merchant! It quite makes me shiver. How many of them are there?"

"Four," answered her mother. "Father, mother, daughter and son."

"Any more?" inquired Mildred, sarcastically.

"No, no more. Do you not think four too many?" asked Lady Caroline with surprise—never in her life, good soul, could she understand anything approaching sarcasm. "Of course, now they are coming, Mildred, we must only make the best of it, although I do wish it had been wine instead of cotton—it is so much more respectable—and I wish also that Miss Rachel Young and her brother were not coming."

"What is his name?" Mildred demanded.

"Denzil, I believe—yes, Denzil Young."

"What a pity they didn't call him 'Brigham' Young when they were about it!" Miss Trevanion said; and then they both laughed.

"How can you be so absurd?" Lady Caroline exclaimed; afterward changing her tone to one of entreaty, she said, "But, really, you know, darling, we must be very civil to them, if only to please your papa. You will promise to be that, Mildred, will you not?"

"I suppose I could not go to Aunt Agnes for the next two months, could I?" Mildred asked, irrelevantly.

"Oh, Mildred!" cried poor Lady Caroline, tears coming into her eyes at the mere idea of being thus deserted in her need.

"I am a selfish wretch," declared Miss Trevanion, caressing her mother's hand and becoming penitent on the spot. "Of course, mamma, I will not leave you on any account in the hands of these terrible barbarians. I only said it half out of mischief and bad temper; why, you might be devoured by the time I got back! Have you told Mabel?"

"No. I came to see you first about it. What rooms shall we give them? The blue rooms, do you think, or the rooms in the western wing?"

"The blue rooms; they are the farthest off," said Miss Trevanion.

"Very good. I will tell Holland. Do you know they are coming on Friday, if—as Mr. Young says in his letter—we can conveniently receive them on that day? Dear me, Mildred, I wonder what they will be like, and how long they will stay?"

"Oh, as to what they will be like," said Mildred, toasting her pretty feet comfortably before the fire, and looking as wise as Solomon, "I can tell you that. The old man will be like a Yorkshire farmer, only worse, because he will have a strong dash of Manchester mixed with his turnips, and he will be always using horribly old-fashioned words, and he will be very attentive to you, and will probably call you 'mamam.' And Mrs. Young will be large and fat and red, like the cook; and Miss Young will be a mining, silly schoolgirl, ready to die with laughter at everything Mabel says, and 'Brigham' will be a—boor, of course."

"What will the county say?" ejaculated poor Lady Caroline, elevating her hands and eyes, perfectly agast at the pretty picture her daughter had drawn. "Really, Mildred, I shall die of shame."

"That will not do a bit of good," returned Miss Trevanion; "and of course you must be prepared to hear the county say all manner of unpleasant things—that they do not know what Sir George could be thinking of to invite such people to his house, and that the said people are extremely disgusting, and so on."

"But for all that you will be kind and civil to them—will you not, Mildred, my love?" her mother asked again, anxiously watching the girl's proud, beautiful face.

"Oh, yes, I will be civil to them," Miss Trevanion said; and then she kissed her mother and went out of the room.

(To be continued.)

Markings on Mars.

Astronomers now agree that the markings on the surface of Mars form a complete network of narrow, straight lines crossing the entire face of the planet in all directions, and are always visible. The narrowest are thirty to forty miles wide. Two hundred of these so-called canals have been charted. Many observers believe them to be stretches of land darkened annually by vegetation and laid out in strips to facilitate irrigation. It is supposed from the unity in the design of the network that the inhabitants of Mars are under one government and are highly skilled in the engineering demanded by the fact that the planet is entirely without rainfall. Students in hydraulics expect great things from the continued study of Mars.

Peter the Great of Russia had a very red face, covered with pimples from drinking. He was called the White Czar on account of the white robe he wore on state occasions.



AS TO DRESSING THE HAIR.

With the flat hats and low turbans now in vogue a change in hairdressing became necessary, and the coiffure has receded from the extreme top and front of the head to the back. A charming arrangement has the hair waved softly all around, parted at the side and coiled loosely in two figure eights, held together by jewelled combs. The Catogan braid also is seen. This old-fashioned coiffure is made by tying the hair just below the crown and forming two braids that are looped up to the tying and fastened there. This leaves four lines of braided hair, which are flattened to the head and caught by pins, and finished with a fancy comb. If the loops of the hair extend beyond the nape of the neck, so much the more fashionable is the wearer. The front of the hair should be parted off and waved and fastened under the knot, says the Plain Dealer.

It seems quite certain that low and elaborate hairdressing, with many curls and braids, will take the place of the styles that have prevailed so long. The pompadour, as of old, parts reluctantly with its sway, but it grows smaller day by day and cannot last into the summer.

TAILOR-MADE GIRL DISAPPEARS.

The real tailor-made girl has left New York. I don't know where she is. Nobody else seems to know, either, or to care very much. While gowns made by gown makers of the masculine sex still prevail, the old-time tailor-made has disappeared almost completely, although one occasionally does observe a stunning cut and stunningly fitted plain frock on the middle-aged woman of splendid carriage, who knows the value of severe lines and elegant simplicity. —Chicago Times-Herald.

RECEPTION AND LUNCHEON GOWNS.



1. Reception gown of tan cloth, with embroidery on the bodice in shades of pink and green; trimmed with green panne velvet and white chiffon.

2. Luncheon gown of mauve crepe de chine, with bolero of panne velvet of deeper shade of mauve, yoke and sleeves of cluny lace; spangled tulle drawn from under bolero and knotted with rosette in front.

STUDY YOURSELF.

The success some people have in choosing colors for their own wear is easily understood, when you know how to do it yourself. To multiply a color is to accentuate it. Suppose your eyes are blue. Wear a blue ribbon at your neck, and they will look twice as blue! If there is a greenish tint in your eyes, do not be afraid to bring it out; the effect will fascinate you, says the Detroit News-Tribune. A peachblow tint in the cheeks will even remain unnoticed until you wear pink under your chin.

Brown eyes will look ordinary, unless combined with brown hair; the effect of the two combined could not be other than beautiful. Gray will give a leaden tone to the complexion, unless one's color is naturally high. Satiny skin will show off doubly well when placed near satin. Materials tend to the same result, but to reproduce the exact shade of gray eyes in a gray waist is to achieve something startlingly becoming.

He is not a bad driver who knows how to turn.

The Week in Society.

The Doings of the Smart Set the Past Six Days. * * *
Pleasant Events and Personal Mention. * * * * *

REVIEW AND PRE-VIEW.

The week has been enlivened by the small informals which are none the less delightful, and the usual club meetings. The large functions are all waiting for the Easter holidays. Already the post-Lenten announcements include a wedding and reception, a luncheon, and cotillion. Next week being Holy Week there is little in hand in the way of announcements for it.

PLEASANT EVENTS.

Tuesday night some of the society folks decided to go serenading, and had a very enjoyable time, as well as giving their friends much pleasure. This is the first harbinger of spring.—the serenader abroad.

The Euchre club was entertained by Miss Irma Hecht on Wednesday afternoon. It was a very pleasant occasion. Miss May Wallerstein won the first prize and Mrs. L. S. Levy the second prize.

All society has taken to bowling and the pastime is being much enjoyed. Tuesday was ladies' day, and a party of twenty-five or more of the "smart set" had a very jolly time of it. The highest score was made by Mrs. George Flournoy, who is quite an adept in the game.

Mrs. James Clements entertained a few friends informally at euchre on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Crump, of Columbus, Indiana. The prizes were captured by Mrs. W. H. Bowman and Miss Crump.

A pleasant euchre informal was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris on Monday evening. There were four tables and the evening proved most enjoyable. The gentleman's prize was won by Mr. Frank Fisher, the ladies' prize by Mrs. Van Meter, and the lone hand prize by Dr. Veris.

The Tuesday Afternoon club was charmingly entertained on Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Fisher at their attractive home on Jefferson street. The evening entertainment was an innovation and was in honor of the "husbands" who get invited out so rarely in this day of afternoon receptions and clubs, this thought for their pleasure was warmly appreciated by the sterner sex, and the occasion was one of the most enjoyable in the club's annals. Euchre was played, and the first prizes went to Mr. James Utterback and Mrs. J. M. Worten, while Mrs. P. H. Stewart secured the booby prize. A delightful luncheon was served which added to the evening's pleasure.

Miss Alice Compton's sixth "Talk on Florentine Art" was given yesterday afternoon at Miss Claribel Riecke's. The subject was Ghirlandajo, and she much delighted her listeners anew. It is a matter of regret that these talks stop with the Lent, they have been so much enjoyed.

On Friday evening the Euchre club was most pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Will Gray, North Fifth street. Miss Dot Connelly was the fortunate winner of the ladies' prize, Mr. W. C. Gray captured the gentleman's prize, and Miss Annie Connelly received the consolation. A delightful evening was spent.

Miss Lillian Logre's masquerade party on Friday evening was a distinct success and a most enjoyable event. Miss Lillian is very attractive and popular and her young friends were out in force to do her sixteenth birthday all honor.

The Charity club had a most pleasant meeting yesterday afternoon with Miss Lillian Rudy. The club has abandoned the literary studies that have been so instructive and entertain-

ing for awhile and at this meeting the young ladies brought their sewing and had a pleasant little chat. There will be no meeting of the club the next week, but the following week it will be the guest of Miss Laura Sanders, in Arcadia. Paducah has a host of pleasant and popular clubs, but none deserves more praise nor popularity than the Charity club. The work done by the young ladies the past winter is worthy of the highest commendation, and many is the poor family that is indebted to them for most timely and substantial assistance. It is the intention of the club to resume the work next year as soon as fall sets in, and to continue it on the lines of its past work.

PROMISED PLEASURES.

Mr. and Mrs. James Utterback will entertain the Euchre club next Tuesday evening.

The Daughters of American Revolution will meet on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. W. W. Cowgill, West Jefferson street.

The Delphic club meets on Tuesday morning with Mrs. W. E. Cave, North Seventh street.

The Shakespeare club will meet on next Wednesday morning with Mrs. Lanning, Jefferson street.

The Whist club which was to have met on Wednesday night, was postponed until next week. Mrs. Lee Schwab will then entertain it.

The Euchre club that meets on Wednesday afternoon will be entertained by Miss Mayme Dryfuss this week.

The Daughters of the Confederacy will meet with Mrs. Dr. Joe Thompson, 520 Jefferson street, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

ABOUT FOLKS.

Col. Edward O. Leigh, of Frankfort, spent a few days in the city, mingling with his friends who are too numerous to mention.

Mrs. M. B. Nash is in St. Louis, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Leavitt. She will be gone several weeks.

Mrs. Muscoe Burnett returned Friday from Henderson, Ky., where she has been for a week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Dallam.

Mrs. Emma Levy, of St. Louis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jacob Wallerstein. Mrs. Levy has a host of friends in this her former home.

Mr. Will Webb was in the city the past week giving pleasure to his friends, and taking in the Bowling Alley.

Miss Julia Scott, who has been spending the winter in Washington city, is expected home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Poseten, of Washington, will accompany her for a visit.

Mrs. Harry G. Tandy, of Frankfort, is visiting her father, Mr. Segenfelt. Mr. Tandy came to vote, and left Mrs. Tandy for a longer stay. They have many friends here who are always glad to welcome them.

A surprise marriage this week was that of Mr. Lloyd Baker and Miss Luna Lemon in Metropolis. Both are very popular young people, and their friends have been kept busy wishing them all happiness.

Mrs. J. L. Kilgore, who has been spending the winter here, left Saturday for Anderson, Ind., which claims half of her time. Mrs. Kilgore is very popular here, socially, and much regret is expressed over her leaving.

If it was the desire of Mr. Albert Foster to give his friends an overwhelming surprise and to get ahead of them for all time, he achieved his aim when he arrived here this week with his bride, Miss Daisy Myrtle

Snider, of Abilene, Kansas. They were married in that city on the 29d. Mr. Foster went from here to Abilene last September and has been living there until recently. Since coming here Mr. and Mrs. Foster have been kept busy receiving the congratulations of their friends. It is a matter of especial pleasure to society that they will make Paducah their home in the future. Mr. Foster is one of Paducah's most popular young men, and Mrs. Foster is a charming young woman, who will soon make her husband's friends her own as well. They will be at home after April the 15th at 220 South Fourth street.

The Chess, Checker and Whist club have issued invitations to the formal opening of their club rooms on Monday evening, April 1st, at 8 o'clock. It will be quite a nice affair, ladies are invited as well as gentlemen, making it a social occasion.

Mrs. Lizzie Teasdel, of Knoxville, Tenn., is in the city on a visit to her father, Mr. J. W. McKnight. Mrs. Teasdel was very popular here as Miss Lizzie McKnight, and has many friends to welcome her.

CLUB NOTES.

In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—shirt waists, which perhaps accounts for the Monday afternoon club having abandoned literature for the "spring term," and having resolved itself into a sewing club. They still continue their delightfully informal and social meetings with the difference that they can now talk to each other instead of about English literature which in the vividness of the springtime seems very dry and dusty. The meeting this week was with Miss Angie Thomas and was greatly enjoyed by the club. They will still keep up their charity work, however.

The Delphic club had an interesting meeting with Miss Lucie Robison on Tuesday morning. Thomas Moore was the character-study which Mrs. Davis led most delightfully. Mrs. Louis Riecke had a fine paper on the "Poetry" of Tom Moore which was much enjoyed. The next meeting will be with Mrs. W. E. Cave. Shelley and Keats will be discussed with Mrs. Campbell Flournoy and Miss Martha Davis the able leaders.

The Shakespeare club held a pleasant meeting on Wednesday morning with Mrs. W. W. Cowgill. West Jefferson street. The IV. act of "King John" was discussed, and Mrs. Richard Baker's paper on "Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury," was much enjoyed. Next week's meeting will be devoted to the closing act of "King John," and after that there will be an "open meeting" which promises to be a most pleasant occasion. It will be at night and all the honorary members which include several talented gentlemen will appear on the program. The next meeting of this club will be with Mrs. Lanning on Wednesday morning.

The Press-Post, of Columbus, Ohio, has this to say, in speaking of "The Mikado" recently given by the Orphan's club at the Great Southern theater in that city: "Among the principals Miss Maud Brent as Katisha fairly carried off the honors. She put life into the whole performance and snap into the lagging action whenever she appeared on the stage. She has natural histrionic and musical gifts of a very high order, and a positively wonderful voice. It was a satisfaction to the few who have known of her talent for months to see the whole musical public so warmly applaud her artistic work. Her singing of the solos in the first act and of the "Romanza" in the second recalled to us the work of Jessie Bartlett Davis of Bostonian fame in her palmiest days." Miss Brent is pleasantly remembered by many in this city, which she visited as the guest of Mrs. John Donovan, and where she has many friends. All who heard her glorious voice given so freely in concert and at the churches, will heartily echo the by no means too high praise given above.

Miss Anne Reed, who has been quite sick this week, is now much better as her friends will be charmed to learn.

AN AFTER-EASTER FUNCTION.

The event to which all society is now looking forward is the marriage of Miss Virginia Ritchie Reed and Mr. Benjamin Bransford Clarke on Wednesday evening April the tenth.

Miss Reed and Mr. Clarke are so well known that any words of them seem superfluous. Although, each have moved here comparatively recently they have made a distinct place for themselves in society and in the hearts of their friends. Miss Reed's vivacity and charm of manner and person, as well as her unaffected simplicity have made her a favorite everywhere, for she has not confined herself to society alone, all the philanthropic needs of the town have had her vivid interest. Mr. Clarke stands high for his many sterling qualities which have made him recognized in the business as well as the social world. This wedding is the outcome of a courtship which has had the cordial interest of many.

The wedding will be at Grace Episcopal church which lends itself very effectively to beautiful evening weddings, and will no doubt make an especial effort for its rector's fair daughter.

There will be four bridesmaids, Misses Anne Reed, sister of the bride, Emma Reed, and Cherie Morton, of this city, and Miss Ida Stevens, of St. Louis. Mrs. Montrose P. McArdle, of St. Louis, the eldest sister of the bride, will be the "matron of honor." The groomsmen are Messrs. James Clarke, of Louisville; Frank Clarke, of Memphis; Starling Thompson, of Henderson, and Dr. I. B. Howell, of this city.

The bride will enter the church with her brother-in-law, Mr. Montrose P. McArdle, of St. Louis. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. B. E. Reed, the father of the bride.

There will be a number of visitors here for the occasion. St. Louis, Henderson, and Owensboro all will be represented. Miss Mary Lee Clarke, sister of the groom, will be present as the guest of Miss Reed. Miss Clarke was to have been one of the bridesmaids, but she is still at school and the president of the college would not give his consent for her to come, until too late for her to make the preparation, so she had to abandon that idea.

Miss Clarke will graduate in June with the brightest honors of her college and wished to do nothing to risk losing them, but she finds now that she can be present for the one evening. There will be a reception at the Reed

residence after the wedding, which will be quite a large and delightful affair.

Of course the popularity of the young couple, and so many visitors for the occasion will add much to the gayeties both before and after the wedding. Mrs. Wheeler Campbell has already issued invitations for a luncheon in Miss Reed's honor on Tuesday, April the ninth.

FUNSTON AGAIN.

Oh Funston, Funston, Funston, there are wild huzzahs for you, And the world will hear about you for another week or two— For a week or two the papers Will recount your wondrous capers, And your name will be the theme of tale and song: 'Twill be Funston here and there, Funston, Funston everywhere'— Till some other man who does things comes along.

Oh, Funston, Funston, Funston, like the monkeys on the sticks, You are full of fresh surprises and amusing little tricks. As a swimmer or a schemer You go in without a tremor, And there's always something doing where you camp; In the daylight or the dark You are ready to embark— To go splurging through the jungle or the damp.

Oh, Funston, Funston, Funston, push your chest out while you may: The world is looking at you and applauding you today: For you the bells are ringing, And for you the birds are singing— But tomorrow some one else may come in view— One who has a song to sing, Or a dagger for a king— And the world will cease to have a thought of you.

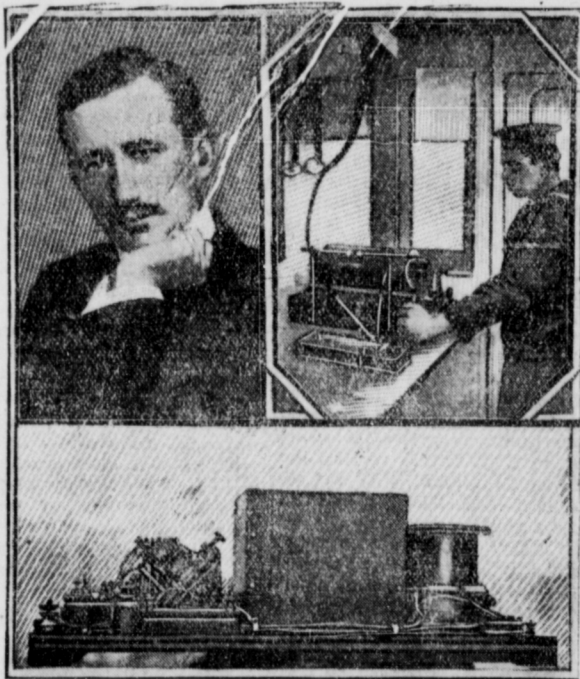
Things have been so quiet at Manila that Kansas concluded to play the trump card, General Funston.

It is somewhat paradoxical to find a straight Democratic supporting a crooked Democratic ticket.

Ornithologists claim that the wild pigeon has become almost extinct. Probably it has gone to join the buffalo.

Emperor McKinley will attend the commencement exercises at Harvard. This is a horse on President Hadley, of Yale.

Marconi's New Plans.



Will Establish Wireless Telegraph Stations on Our Coast to
Signal Incoming Ships—Says We are Slow
In Adopting the System.

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

OUR BOOK.

Its preface is a lullaby, the 'end a funeral song.

Oh, the blotched and ragged pages
In the volume of a life:

Oh, those hot and weary ages
Of the soul's eternal strife:

Oh, the blazing, crazing fever
Of the reddest, reddest blood;

Oh, the raging, aging fever
Of the plangent, ceaseless flood;

Oh, the heaven and the hell,
The temporal and supreme,

The waking and the sleeping,
The end of every dream.

The bursting of all bubbles,
The passing of the mind,

That sweeps us to the future
And leaves the past behind.

What trenchant pens are deeds,
What rabid woes are rife,

What mysteries and histories
In the volume of a life.

—ROBERT MONTFORT LUCKY.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

"THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH."

This book is exciting much comment now, not only because of its very unusualness, but also, for the freshness and sparkle about it.

She is a most remarkable maiden, this 17-year-old Elizabeth, who starts out on a round of visits to her still more remarkable relatives, and takes you so intimately, and often irresistibly, into her confidence through the letters written to her mother; they tell the story and make the book.

Her mother being an invalid, Elizabeth goes to these homes of nobility accompanied only by her French maid, but she proves well able to "fend" for herself. No Yankee bachelor girl or Western emancipated female is more competent to take care of herself, or to rise equal to every emergency—though the emergencies are often what no American girl would ever have to encounter—than does this most carefully raised British maid of high degree.

At first you think she is a most guileless maiden, and are inclined to believe that over her must be that especial and watchful care that is given to children and innocents, but, again, she shows such depth of insight into the ways of the world that you become convinced there must be some truth in the doctrine of "original sin." One would like to see the replies that her mother would—and should—have made to these letters. The shock of some of them must have caused a relapse of some sort to the invalid, we fear.

You do not gain a very high idea of the British nobility and their ways from these letters, or of the French either, as far as that is concerned, for she takes in both countries in her rounds, and sees much of a life that makes us glad that we are good American "trades people" who are not at liberty to defy God and society. There is some very clever satire evident in these letters, especially in speaking of the French, as when she naively says, "It is a perfect wonder that they were not all" exclaiming at their wet feet, and catching cold; but it seems that dancing on the green and these sort of fetes champetres are national sports, and you don't catch cold at them. It is only washing, and having the windows open, and the house aired, and things like that, that give cold in France."

Elizabeth often displays a great deal of common-sense that makes her mistress of the situation, and she has the courage of her convictions, not hesitating to speak her mind frankly to Lord and Lady. What she does not understand, she does not at all mind inquiring about, and then telling you all she has found out. Her guileless reception of a proposal from a French Marquis to elope with him is refreshing in the extreme, and perfectly overcoming.

"Think of it, mamma! Me flying with the Marquis! Without a wedding cake, or bridesmaids, or pages,

or trousseau, or any of the really nice bits of getting married—only the boring part of just going away and staying with one man, without any of the other things to make up for it."

The book is destined to be read for its very novelty, and to be variously viewed, already the critics have launched their "for and against" full upon it. The identity of the author has excited some comment, too, but not for an instant do we agree with those who believe "Elinor Glyn" to be the unknown author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." She just cannot be the same.

The book is attractively gotten up, as all the "Bodley Head" books are. The most fetching thing about it, though, is the beautiful photograph portrait as frontispiece. If it be intended for Elizabeth, she is, indeed, a dear, at looking and her you do not wonder that the hearts of the men all adored her.

"The Visits of Elizabeth." By Elinor Glyn. Published by John Lane of Bodley Head. For sale by R. D. Clements & Co., Paducah.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Paul Leicester Ford's new book is entitled "Journal of Hugh Gaine: Printer."

"The Fanatics" is the title of Paul Laurence Dunbar's new work of fiction.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's poems are even cleverer than her prose, and that is saying much, and then they do not tire you, so her "Love's Arguments and Other Poems" is apt to have a wide reading.

Sir Edwin Arnold is now totally blind, but with a splendid courage he thanks Heaven for "unimpaired mental powers," and is going on with his work. He has dictated a new epic poem of 4,000 lines that is said to be very fine. It is to appear in The London Telegraph.

Lilian Bell is to have a new book of short stories out this spring under the title of "St. John and the American Girl." It is certain to be something bright and clever.

"Old Bowen's Legacy" is the new book by Edwin Asa Dix announced for April publication. Deacon Bradbury and other old friends will appear in it.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Aes Triplex" is being brought out as an Easter gift book by the Chas. Scribner's Sons. It will be in a similar form to his "Christmas Sermon," that was in such demand last Christmas.

The late Maurice Thompson's historical novel of the War of 1812, entitled "The King of Honey Island," is selling at the rate of 1,000 copies a day. It is said to be written in the great author's characteristic style.

"Julett," Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy's first book, is announced to appear soon. Mrs. McElroy is a Kentucky woman and lives in Lebanon, the home of the McElroys. The artist who illustrated the book paid an especial visit to the Blue Grass country for the purpose.

The timely appearance of the first part of the official life of Queen Victoria, by her son-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, has been characterized as "a literary activity that might be called genuinely American." Of course, this work will carry with it the weight of authority as coming from the royal family, and has been advertised the world over.

That voluminous writer, S. R. Crockett, has out a new book called "The Silver Skull." The scene is laid in Italy, and it treats of "fabts" in the early history so stirring that they form the most vivid romance.

There is quite a cry now going up against the novel dramatized. The critics have been unsparing of "To Have and to Hold," and it did look as if this was dramatic in its possibilities. Some novels though that

have been staged are totally lacking in the power. And now the London Daily Mail asserts that Rudyard Kipling is about to dramatize "The Jungle Book." The possibilities opened by this announcement are dreadful. From another source comes the announcement that Omar Khayyam is being prepared for the stage. All this reminds one that our friend, Mr. Dooley has said that Webster's Unabridged will soon be put upon the stage with over 800,000 characters. How thrilling the theater will be, but how educating!

THE MAGAZINE REVIEW.

"THE WORLD'S WORK."

This magazine is so aptly named that it almost announces its table of contents. The April number presents a most attractive array of strong articles. True to its custom of treating of the "people who do things," there are full-page portraits of Andrew Carnegie, Stephen Phillips, Charles M. Schwab, J. Pierpont Morgan, Archbishop John Ireland and others who are prominently in the public eye of today, with timely and interesting articles on them and their work in and for the world.

Some space in "The March of Events" is devoted to President McKinley's inaugural address and its bearings upon the Cuban and Philippine question. An account of "The Telephone Newspaper" of Budapest, the great journal which has all the equipments of a first class newspaper, "except presses, paper and printer's ink," reads like a fairy story did we not live in the day when all things are possible.

The contents are so varied that it does seem every one's individual tastes can be suited unless he is seeking fiction pure and simple and that is not in it at all.

LOW PRICES

Make hard times easier to bear.

ELLIS, RUDY & PHILLIPS.

RED MEN.

THE LOCAL TRIBE ELECTS OFFICERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

The local tribe of Red Men Friday night elected the following officers:

C. E. Whitesides, sachem; A. W. Greif, prophet; Roy Culley, senior sagamore; H. J. Foppe, junior sagamore; T. W. Baird, keeper of records; J. J. Freundlich, keeper of wampum; Moore Whittaker, guard of wigwag; Geo. Meade, guard of forest; S. E. Ebbert, trustee for eighteen months.

Mz. F. W. Jones, the well known organizer, will arrive in a few days to work up the membership.

The installation of officers will take place next Friday night.

RECRUITS LEAVE.

Sergeant Nelson, of the Tenth cavalry, colored, will have about eight colored recruits to send away Monday. He will remain here until the 5th.

A CHAT WITH YOU.

You know us. You have known us for years. You have tested us. We have never failed you. Shoes that are the result of brains from designer to maker you will find here. If you're not a customer let us book you with the majority. Little to pay, lots to save by trading with us.

ELLIS, RUDY & PHILLIPS.

FOR REAL ESTATE BUYERS.

Monroe street 100-foot residence lot, shade trees, north side, near Fountain park circle. Begins 150 feet west of Sixteenth street, \$600. Half cash. Could be divided; 50 feet \$325.

Fountain avenue lot, west side, between Harrison and Clay, \$300.

Five room North Fourth street house, between Monroe and Madison, \$1,600.

Best combined business and residence combination in Paducah. Five room house, modern, with bath. Brick store, corner Tennessee and Eleventh, \$3,000.

Nine room Clark street house, between Second and Third, \$1,100.

Five room Jackson street house, No. 1308, \$1,100.

Best corner lot on Tennessee street, corner Tenth, could be rounded up,

Carpets FOR Spring

The enormous business we are now doing in our carpet department convinces us that we have the best assortment of carpets, curtains and etc., that is being shown this season. Our men are now working overtime to fill orders, but we will turn your work out on time, if we have to increase our force. We give below prices on some of the many good things we are offering:

89C For fine quality velvet carpet, made and laid. Beautiful line of patterns, suitable for parlor, hall or library.

75C For Tapestry Brussels, which we guarantee to be the best carpet for the money to be found in any market. Warranted not to sprout.

95C For uncut velvet carpet—a new weave for which we are sole agents in this city. Will wear equal to any \$1.25 carpet.

\$1.00 For a limited number of patterns of Axminster carpets that sell regularly for \$1.25. Some with borders, and others without.

FOR \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2, we have without question, for elegant furnishing, the most exquisite line of patterns ever displayed in this city.

65C Same old price—no advance—for the best all wool ingrain. A carpet that we guarantee perfect. An immense line of these fine carpets to select from.

35C For strictly half-wool filling carpet.

25C For granite carpets usually sold for 30c.

Straw Matting

By placing our order for these goods about a year ago, we were enabled to save about 15 per cent on our purchase. Our customers are now reaping the benefit of our foresight—stock now complete.

\$4—Roll of 40 yards good China matting that sells regularly for 12 1/2 c 20c yard, extra heavy jointless China matting.

25c yard, a very large line of these popular priced goods in both cotton chain and China matting.

30c yard—This is our banner line of cotton chain, carpet pattern matting. Other houses are asking 35c for this value.

35c to 65c—We have quite the most complete line of extreme novelties ever shown.

Tapestry Portieres and Lace Curtains.

PORTIERES—Handsome new styles, some have corded edge, others finished with heavy tassel fringe, top and bottom.

\$1.75 tapestry portieres in reds and greens.

\$2 damask portieres, splendid value.

\$3.50 tapestry portieres, full 48 inches wide.

\$4 tapestry portieres, well worth \$5.

\$5 tapestry portieres, an offering well worth seeing.

\$6 to \$12—Our line of fine curtains you will find beyond comparison.

LACE CURTAINS—The wonderful welcome accorded our line of lace curtains, demonstrates their excellence. They deserve your inspection.

98c Nottingham, full three and a half yds long, worth \$1.25.

\$1.50 Nottingham, 60 inches wide, beautiful designs.

\$3 new stripe effect in pretty lace patterns.

\$5. A very strong line of new things in plain centers with lace edge.

BRISÉ BIE—The latest French lace curtains, colored applique patterns, sold in cities for \$6.50, our price \$5.

Full line of bobinet ruffled curtains, pretty and inexpensive, from \$2.25 to \$5.

DUPLEX STORES BONNE FOMME—A raffle curtain adapted from the French, very swell, see them.

Lace door panels in white and Arabian, \$1 to \$2.

Rugs.

98c Smyrna rugs, 30x60 inches, swell patterns, bright colors, well worth \$1.50.

75c Smyrna door mats, new line patterns just in.

\$2.50 Smyrna rugs, hearth size, in new patterns.

\$2.39 Moquette rugs, hearth size, \$4.50 to \$8. We are showing an extensive line of entirely original patterns and finest quality that you should see.

\$20 to \$30 carpet size rugs, quite popular now.

Oil cloths 20c and upward.

Linoleum 40c to \$1.75 yd.

Window shades, all colors and all qualities from 15c up.

Let us figure with you for your new shades.

No trouble to show our goods—don't hesitate to come and look whether you are ready to buy or not.

Ellis Rudy & Phillips

\$400. Easy payments.

Seven room Trimble street house, between Ninth and Tenth, \$1,700.

Lots near new Illinois Central depot, \$100. Easy monthly payments.

Investment lots at Rowlandtown, \$50 cash.

Broadway hotel property, near Eleventh, lot 40x250, 12 room house, two cottages, all \$3,000. Ten per cent off for cash. Easy terms.

Three room Jefferson street house, No. 1132, \$1,100 cash.

Court street 50-foot lot, \$450.

Fine West Broadway cottage home,

5 rooms, corner lot, \$1,500.

Clay street 40-foot lot, \$250. Easy monthly payments.

Ten room North Sixth street house, between Harrison and Clay, \$3,000.

New four room Bernheim avenue house, \$1,200.

55-foot Jones street lot, big enough to build two houses, between Tenth and Eleventh, \$500. Easy monthly payments.

One acre of ground, three houses, North Ninth street, all for \$900.

WHITTEMORE'S 430 Broadway Agency.

YOUR EASTER SUIT!

EASTER IS
BUT
ONE WEEK
OFF.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT IT?

WE ARE SHOWING THE LARGEST NUMBER
of STYLES and BEST VALUES.

IT'S OUR
PLEASURE TO SHOW
YOUR PLEASURE TO
LOOK.



About Easter Suits.

That something called style is a bugbear to most men. Their mind is occupied with details of their own work and they are not supposed to be fully posted with what to wear and what not to wear. It's not their business. With us, however, it's different. It's a part of our business to impart that knowledge to you when you come to buy. When you come in

DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK OUR ADVICE

regarding correct styles in garments—that's what we're here for.

WE KNOW HOW TO DRESS YOU PROPERLY
and you may depend upon our judgment.

SPRING STYLES NOW READY.

Stock Larger, Grander, Better Than Ever.



YOUR
BOYS
EASTER
SUIT
WILL
BE
RIGHT
IF
BOUGHT
FROM
US.



THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

For Boys Age 3 to 7. Very Swell.

THE NORFOLK SUIT.

BOX
PLEATED
COAT
WITH
BELT.

For Boys Age 3 to 16. Nobby.

THE SAILOR BLOUSE

AND
VESTEE
SUITS.

For Boys Age 3 to 8. Elegant.



BRIGHT SNAPPY NECKWEAR.

FRESH SPRING STYLES JUST IN
And especially selected for Easter. No matter what your fancy craves in Ties, it's here if it's right

Famous
B. WEILLE & SON.
409. 411 BROADWAY.

A PAIR OF OUR
\$3.50 PATENT LEATHER SHOES

Will add greatly to your appearance EASTER. New nobby styles. Better grades in

STACY ADAMS
AT \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Famous
B. WEILLE & SON.
409. 411 BROADWAY.

PASSING COMMENTS.

Is there any one that is not glad this is the last day of March? It is possible to act so that every one is relieved to be rid of you, and March has done this. She has brought it all on herself, so heartless as it sounds we are overjoyed to see her go. It is to be hoped she will not come back and "April Fool" us tomorrow. She has been cranky, cantankerous, blustery, and a virago generally. Envious, too, for just as soon as the merchant and milliner would display some "love of a dress or hat" in the window for April's adorning, it would start my Lady March afresh on one of her tantrums, and we would all have to pay for it by "biting the dust," or shivering and shaking.

If this has been a prophecy of the Twentieth century March, it is moved, amended and unanimously carried that Mrs. Nation be ordered to turn her entire attention to ridding us of this "national evil." What a meet-

ing there will be, though, when they come together!

What a boon the millinery openings have been to society this week! We have had them galore, but they have been a source of undoubted interest, and the dainty "confections" of high art have been much surveyed. Not only to the buyer but to the onlooker as well, has it proved a pleasing pastime. Dear Miss Frivol and her sister Miss Staid were both in evidence, and the dainty trifle, the mere "airy nothing"—except in price—and the "ready-to-wear-hat," alike found their purchasers. O! everybody was out in full force, and you could chat awhile with each of your dear five hundred friends before passing on.

The art of getting safely off a street car in rapid motion, so we have been told, is to go in the same direction as the moving car. But recently a Paducah young man was seen to get off the Broadway car while going rapidly, and run straight out North Seventh street at right angles. As he is well used to the ways and the tricks of street cars, it may be he has discovered a new theory. Or, it may be that the force of habit is stronger than the force of momentum! It should be

said in passing that he does not reside on North Seventh street, either.

Apropos of the many clubs with mystic initials that are being formed now, a clever thing is told of a young man who "makes" Paducah quite frequently. He had been hearing of the different X. Y. Z. clubs with membership strictly limited, until he was feeling left out. At last he said: "I am going to form a club and call it the J. M. club."

"J. M." inquired an interested listener, "what's that for?"

"Just Me," was the laconic reply as he walked off.

The aforesaid young man is entirely too popular, though, to be allowed such a privilege here.

Two small boys and a girl, none of them over "half-past three"—were talking the other day. With the spirit of boasting that is inherent in the man, however, embryo he may be, one youthful Mulhattan announced:

"My father is worth a million dollars!"

This was tremendous, but small boy No. 2 decided to go him "one better."

"My father has a million dollars and a house!" he said with a look of

"why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" on his face.

Alas, for the maiden! She must do something to maintain her standing in society and impress herself on those future beaux. With a wisdom worthy of more years, she adhered strictly to facts and sagely said:

"I have a nickel and it's all my own."

That was enough, the "million dollars" was a "deal in futures" too vague for the small men, but a nickel meant delightful possibilities in cracker-jack candy, or peanuts that they could quite grasp and appreciate, so they immediately became overpowering in their attentions to the heiress of so much wealth, and she was mistress of the occasion.

A certain club in the city which has been active in charity work this winter has had some rare experiences in their efforts to "elevate the masses." Holding cleanliness to be next to godliness they have insisted on giving soap and tooth brushes, and have ordered the luxury of baths, to their applicants for help, while cigarette smoking and tobacco chewing have ruined the chances of many a gamine for a suit of clothes. These young women have thrown themselves into

the work with the same vivid ardor that has made them central figures in the social whirl. Their efforts have furnished their friends with an undoubted interest in life, but whether the poor have felt the same zest in being thus "elevated" is a mooted question.

In an interview with The Sunday Chat reporter the other day, Manager English, of The Kentucky, at the solicitation for news of his theater for our readers, said that he has booked some of the very best attractions on the road for the first season and that every day adds to his stock of enthusiasm over the prospects for a brilliant season. His opening attraction will be one that will open the eyes of the Paducah people to the fact that they have at last a theater that will at once be a pride and a pleasure to them; one that they can boast of to any one. Manager English would not give The Chat permission to tell what the attraction is, but we can assure our readers that it will be all that the city can expect and will verify the prediction made as soon as the owners made the choice of manager that "the theater would have a management that would give the city the

(Continued on Next Page.)

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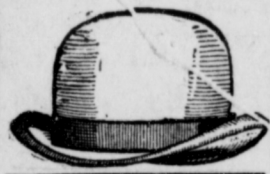
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